



LOOKING FORWARD

▶▶ IT GIVES us great pleasure to announce that for the coming year our London correspondent and general roving European collaborator will be Rebecca West.

▶▶ BEST known as the author of that excellent novel, *The Judge*, as well as numerous other books and essays, Rebecca West is most at home in the humanities, whether they be literary, social or political. One thing she possesses above even her keen feminine insight and her ability to write exquisite prose. She has genuine intellectual integrity. She is the poet in prose. She combines three things, a perception of the truth, a talent to put it dramatically into words, and the courage to do so.

▶▶ THE fact, that she will appear every week in our pages is an earnest of the quality of the magazine we expect to present for the coming year. Intimate personally with most of the celebrities of London and Paris, possessing a keen wit and a knowledge of the sophisticated world of literature, politics and the stage, she will contribute sketches of personal experiences in England and on the Continent, political and social ideas which come to the surface in Europe, personality portraits of men and women sufficiently in the public eye to be of international interest, a dash of literary and theatrical criticism and occasionally a glimpse of her own Pepys' diary as she feels it to be entertaining to American men and women. Her first article will appear some time next month.

▶▶ DAILY the European scene becomes closer and more interesting to Americans. Besides Miss West, during the coming year, five well known correspondents in European capitals will send us from time to time, first-hand accounts of affairs as they develop under their observation, while Mr. Ybarra will continue to contribute an occasional piece. These articles in addition to Rebecca West's weekly column will serve to keep Outlook readers intelligently informed of affairs and personalities abroad.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

VOLUME 156

NUMBER 1

OUTLOOK

and Independent



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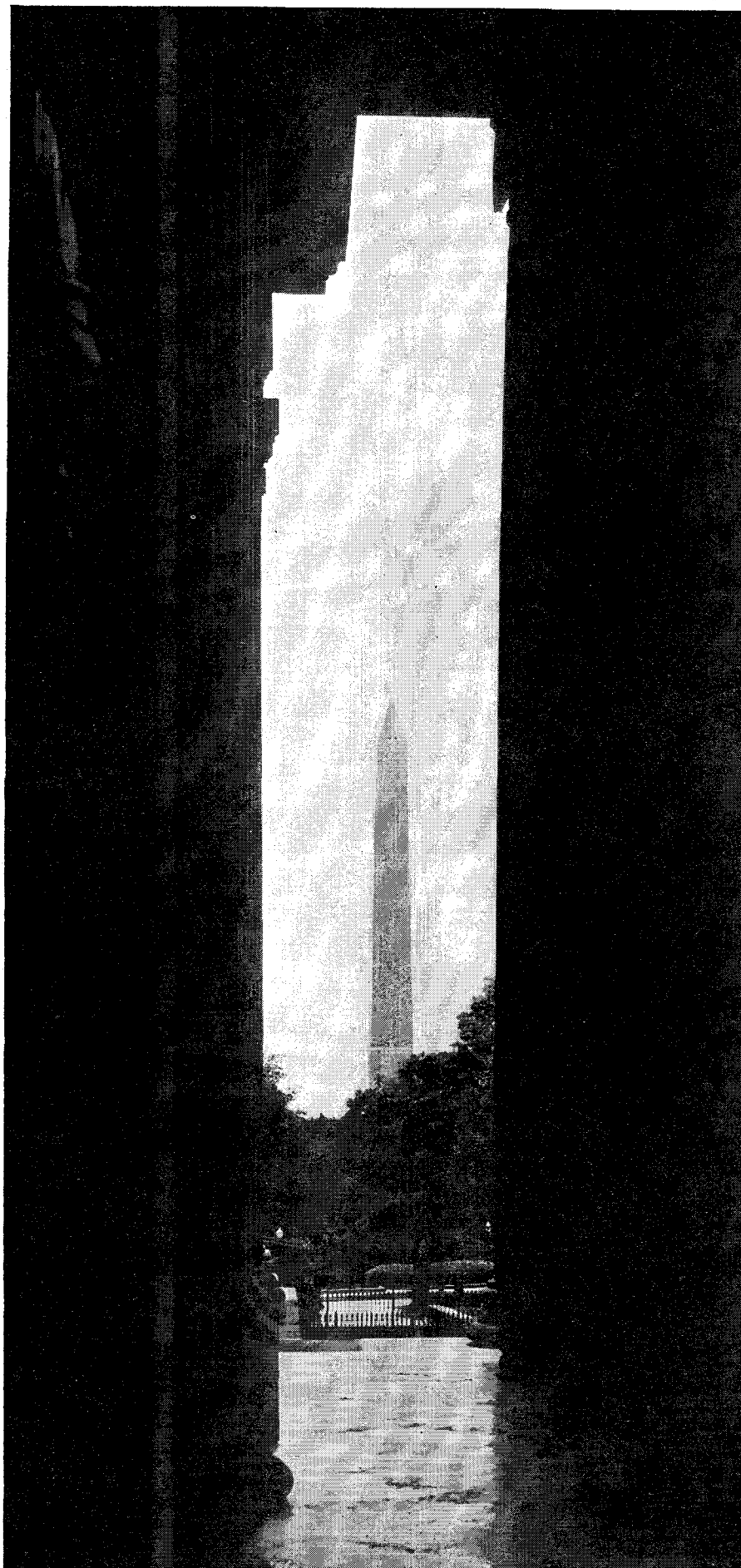
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Ewing Galloway

The Washington Monument through the pillars of the Treasury Building

OUTLOOK

and Independent

September 3, 1930

►► One Way Out ◄◄

A Proposed Solution of Prohibition

ACCORDING to a great body of opinion in this country, any proposal which seeks to point an immediate way out of the present prohibition situation must possess three important qualifications. Politically, it must be feasible. Legally, it must be constitutional. Socially, it must promise a distinct improvement over the present situation. Beyond that, this great group does not much care what the proposal is.

Until the present moment, again according to this group, no single, comprehensive answer to the problem has been offered because on both wet and dry sides the leaders have been extremists. The extreme drys have pursued the will-o'-the-wisp of strict enforcement of the Volstead Act. The extreme wets have pursued inflexibly the absolute repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. To the great body of moderates, however, it seems clear that whatever may be said for the pure principles involved in these two opposed points of view—this magazine for instance is for repeal, as a matter of principle—neither aim seems in practice possible of realization.

The Eighteenth Amendment can never be enforced. Nor, argues this group, is there any likelihood that it can immediately be repealed, since our legal machinery enables even a very few dry states to thwart the joint will of all the others. Further, to put off the day of reform, dry zealots so far have been able to bring moderates to confusion by the simple question: "If you repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, what will you

Due to its many-sided nature prohibition presents a problem peculiarly difficult to solve. Extremists on both sides are at logger-heads, not only as to methods, but also as to results. Joseph S. Auerbach, eminent New York City lawyer, supplies one answer to the muddle. His solution will probably please neither extreme wets nor ardent drys. To the great body of moderates, nevertheless, it may present the plan they are looking for. It is certain to rouse discussion

put in its place?"—meaning what will you put in its place that will satisfy the drys, and particularly, the dry states. This taunt, together with the saloon bogy, has been the main-stay of the dry leader, just as the manifest evils wrought by prohibition have been the mainstay of the wet leader. It is true that the saloon bogy can only be successfully raised before an audience incapable of logical thought, since it must be evident that any return of the saloon would be rendered impossible by sheer weight of public opinion, even in the so-called wet states. But the other argument has had a strong effect on the moderate body of thought, which has been made to view the anti-prohibitionist as one who would destroy, yet has no power to rebuild. Meanwhile, the present intolerable situation has remained, to the increasing alarm and dissatisfaction of a great body of sensible citizens.

In the light of these facts, it is interesting to examine critically and soberly the solution just put forward by Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach, eminent lawyer of New York City. As a constitutional lawyer, Mr. Auerbach is in favor of the ultimate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He believes that the Eighteenth Amendment has been so interpreted by the Volstead Act and the

resultant court decisions as to constitute a betrayal of the public, particularly of the medical profession, and of those state legislatures which passed the original amendment under a justifiable misapprehension on their part as to its effect. It is, in brief, stolen goods, the title to which is forfeit in the court

of conscience.

"It will shock many a citizen," he writes,* "to realize that the amendment has now the startling effect as if, among other things, it had read:

Section 1.—After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited. *And intoxicating liquors shall be deemed to be those which contain an alcoholic content in excess of one-half of one per cent.*

Section 2.—The Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation; *but this concurrent power shall not entitle the several states to any voice in the determination as to what is appropriate legislation.*

Section 3.—*The Congress shall have jurisdiction over medicinal liquor and be authorized to prescribe the dosage to be administered to the patient by the physician even by enema, and to require that prescriptions shall betray in writing—in violation of a New York State statute—the malady of the patient; but shall be forbidden to legislate as to the manufacture or consumption of sacramental intoxicants.*

*An Indictment of Prohibition—Harper & Bros., New York; to be published September 4.

For these reasons, as well as the fact that as a police statute he believes the amendment has no ultimate place in our Constitution, he is in favor of its ultimate repeal. As a citizen, nevertheless, he wishes to give first aid to a civic illness which threatens to be fatal before the surgeon can perform the major operation which may be ultimately necessary. For this purpose, he calls for two preliminary amendments, in the order of their necessity and practicability.

First, an immediate amendment to the Volstead Act at the hands of Congress, which shall provide for such modification in its enforcement features as to be applicable to all federal territory and jurisdictions, but specifically to such states only as pass concurrent acts. Second, a substitute amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment itself, to be secured later from the states, which, among other things, will primarily prohibit all importation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes into states which have, or elect to have, state enforcement acts.

Of this proposed change in the Volstead Act, Mr. Auerbach writes as follows:

"This change would mean that such states as favored the amendment could have state enforcement acts, and those states not in sympathy with it could elect not to pass any such acts, but be free to regulate the manufacture and use of alcoholic beverages within their borders, pursuant to the limitations below referred to.

"Among other things, the states, not thus subject to the Volstead Act, could then fix upon such an alcoholic content in beverages as would not render them in fact intoxicating. They could accord freedom to the worthy physician, now denied to him, to prescribe such liquor as he deems requisite to the treatment of the patient, pursuant to such regu-

lations as would operate to eliminate any substantial diversion of it to prohibited beverage purposes. They could forbid the return of the ill-famed saloon, and, by all other prudential methods, initiate a new era of temperance to supplant intemperate and intolerable prohibition. And more than this, they would no longer be under the surveillance, so to speak, of a Federal Police Department.

"It is difficult to see how the dry

citizens of the union. Fortunately, however, the professional altruist or soul-saver, especially in the domain of prohibition, is not overmuch in favor during these days of our disillusionment."

So much for his first proposal.

Turning, then, to his complete two-fold proposal, Mr. Auerbach writes as follows, addressing himself more particularly to those wets who are inflexibly determined upon absolute repeal before anything else.

"We have been subject to the Eighteenth Amendment for more than ten years, to the satisfaction, be it remembered, of a large number of states which have their local enforcement acts in general accord with the Volstead Act; and thirty-six states must vote affirmatively for any repeal. It is not wise for us, therefore, to proceed upon the notion that those states would be content to be deprived of the constitutional protection of the Eighteenth Amendment without some substitute protection. I entertain this view precisely as I do the view that they might well be unwilling to forego the protection of the Volstead Act."

"I propose, therefore, a simple substitute amendment for the Eighteenth Amendment which, among other things, will primarily prohibit all importations of intoxicating liquors for beverage

purposes into states which have, or elect to have, state enforcement acts. My further suggestion is that the enforcement clause of the new amendment prescribe that Congress *shall pass* appropriate laws for its enforcement, rather than that the clause follow the precedent of the Eighteenth Amendment that Congress *shall have power* to pass such appropriate laws. This would be a kind of reassurance to the so-called dry states that are to be abundantly protected in their prohibition no-



Ewing Galloway

THE NATION'S "MAIN STREET"
Looking up Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington

states could object to such a limitation of the Volstead Act, for they could have their local enforcement acts as drastic as the national act with the severest criminal penalties for the introduction within their borders of all alcoholic beverages not authorized by the Volstead Act.

"The only dissent, therefore, from such a proposal must be confined to the zealots in those dry states, who would arrogate to themselves the moral right and duty to regulate by mandatory legislation the personal conduct of all

tions or convictions.

"For while it is true—pursuant to decisions of the Supreme Court, notably in the case involving the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon Act—that under the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution Congress can forbid the importation into prohibition states of intoxicating liquors, such states might nevertheless insist upon constitutional protection to that end, by an appropriate but simple new amendment.

"Any opposition thereto on the part of such states must proceed from exhorters and necessarily would be of the same general character as an objection to modification of the Volstead Act. That is, the objection would have to be upon the ground, not of lack of protection to such states, but must proceed from some gratuitous, missionary notion that they, after being protected by the amendment, were called upon to protect other states not seeking, but justifiably opposed to, such protection.

"In short, such substitute amendment would merely adapt for all alcoholic liquors the plan proposed for dealing with non-intoxicating liquors by modification of the Volstead Act.

"There would be no doubt as to the validity of such an amendment despite any claim of lack of uniformity in its application, as understood by the layman; for the Supreme Court has held, in an outstanding decision, that the principle of such objection would not be tenable.

"In the words of Grover Cleveland, it is a condition which confronts us, and not a theory. More eloquence, forceful utterances, and devotion to the cause of ridding ourselves of the Eighteenth Amendment will not necessarily be effective. If the suggested new amendment be considered as a compromise, then, in defense of it, I can well requote the illuminating words of Edmund Burke:



Ewing Galloway

SOURCE OF THE LAWS

The Capitol at night

"All government—indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter."

"If political parties and the advocates of the repeal could be induced to favor modification of the Volstead Act and the new amendment, can we justifiably be in much doubt that the whole question of prohibition would largely be out of politics?"

"Nor, aside from the validity of such an amendment, would there be aught anomalous in the relationship between state and nation, that would be established by the amendment.

"For the Supreme Court, over and over again, has held that states, under their reserved police power, may enact into a statute, to use its own words: What is sanctioned by usage or held by the prevailing morality or a strong and preponderant public opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare If then the legislature of the state thinks that the public welfare requires the measure under consideration, analogy and principle are in favor of the power to enact it.

"It is upon this principle that the validity of our so-called emergency statutes, such as zoning laws and rent laws rests; and, in effect, during the life of such statutes even the Due Process Clause of the Federal Constitution may be suspended, as well as its limitation

upon the states that they shall not pass laws impairing the obligations of contracts. There is a reassertion of these provisions only when the states shall elect to terminate the life of such statutes. In a real sense, our Constitution, in some of its vital provisions, exists only by sufferance of the states.

"And without undue elaboration of the point, it can be said that in the instance of the new amendment, a kind of corollary of the foregoing principle would be that the states might come within its jurisdiction, by electing, through the enactment of state enforcement provisions, to waive their police powers thus restored to them.

"And while not arrogating to myself any monopoly of knowledge as to the precise phraseology of any substitute amendment, I do say, after much deliberation, that some substitute amendment is essential, and that the one suggested—to the effect that importation of intoxicating liquors into so-called dry states shall be constitutionally forbidden—is a method whereby we may secure relief from an intolerable prohibition.

"The question whether it would be the part of wisdom to decline to accede to any compromise and thereby remain under domination of the Eighteenth Amendment needs no answer; for the question answers itself.

(Please Turn to Page 35)

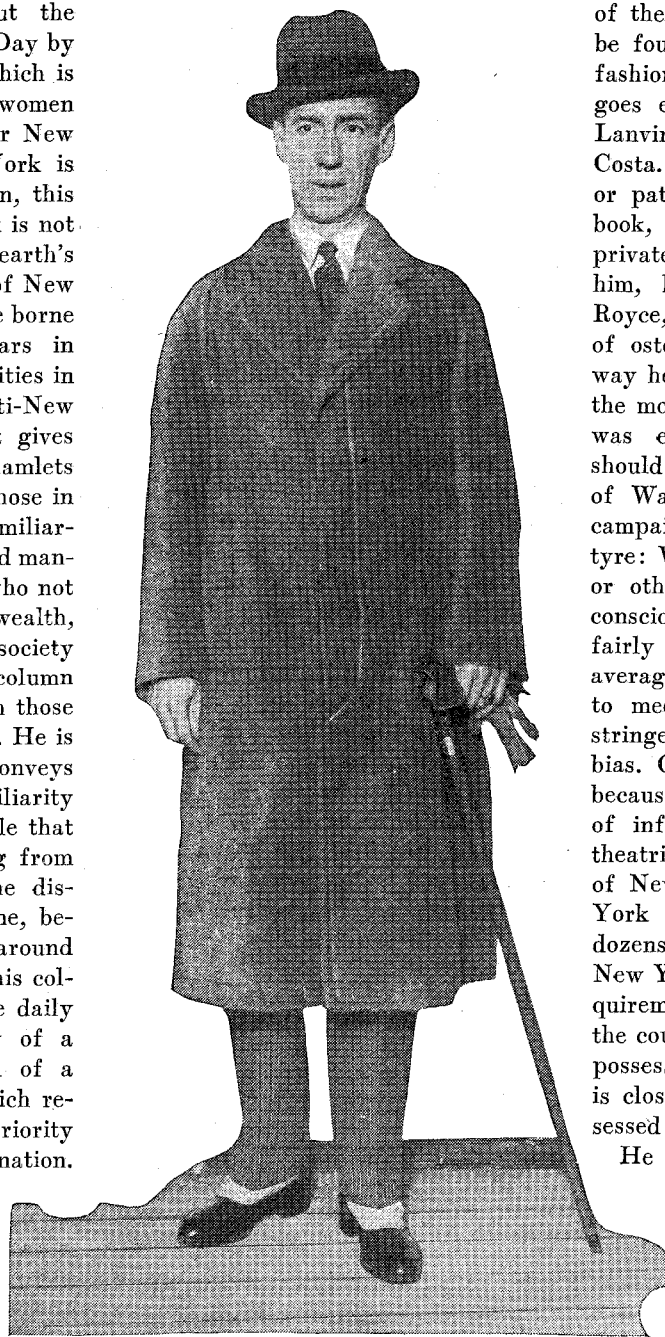
⇒ O! O! McIntyre ⇐

By HARRY SALPETER

WASHINGTON is the political center of the nation; New York, chief metropolis, the real center. There is in New York an unacknowledged, but for that reason a most influential, representative of what may be called the hinterland. This man obeys no voice but that of his own journalistic sense, obedience to which has made him rich. He represents an attitude, a state of mind with the fidelity of instinct rather than with the consciousness of cunning. The medium of his influence is a New York newspaper column. It appears in approximately two hundred and fifty newspapers throughout the country. It is called "New York Day by Day." It tells the hinterland—which is composed largely of men and women who would like to live in or near New York, but cannot—what New York is like. Explicitly, or by indirection, this column tells them that New York is not the most desirable spot on the earth's surface. It tells them that many of New York's grapes are sour. It must be borne in mind that this column appears in papers published in many large cities in which there is an instinctive anti-New York bias. At the same time it gives readers in approximately 249 hamlets outside of New York, and even those in New York, a fictitious sense of familiarity with the appearance, habits and mannerisms of the men and women who not only represent but are fashion, wealth, the stage, the professions, sports, society notoriety. The writer of this column flaunts an easy acquaintance with those whose names indicate news value. He is himself almost a news value. He conveys to the hinterland that sense of familiarity with the great and the fashionable that makes a villager, after returning from his nation's capital, refer to the district's legislator by his first name, between squirts of tobacco juice around the stove of the general store. This column may be said to resemble the daily diplomatic report of the envoy of a negligible nation to the capital of a great power, the tendency of which report is to salve the sense of inferiority of the citizens of the negligible nation. Such at least are the impressions gathered from a fairly regular reading of the reports of the unofficial representative of the hinterland to its unrepresentative metropolis, this self-appointed ambassador to New

York—O. O. McIntyre, whose full name is, by his own admission, Oscar Odd McIntyre.

Oscar Odd McIntyre is a country boy and proud of it. His columns are replete with nostalgic memories of country life and the old ways of doing things. In his references to the vanished past and the rural simplicities which he left behind (with a sigh) in his boyhood, he gives the impression of being much older than he is, but one suspects that his nostalgia is partly literary and part-



Acme

OSCAR ODD McINTYRE

ly the reaction from a private life which has to be spent, to some extent, in public. He says, in effect, "You can keep New York." He does. I am informed on good authority that it is with difficulty that he can abstain from the life which he pretends to deride. It would go hard with him if he ever were recalled from his New York embassy. Representative of the hinterland though he is, he recalls that French Rothschild who expressed the hope that if the Jews ever founded a nation in Palestine, he might be appointed Ambassador to France. When McIntyre is not in New York or in one of the nation's resort capitals, he may be found somewhere in France, in the fashionable quarter of Paris, where he goes every summer to see his tailor, Lanvin, or the maker of his shoes, Costa. His dandyism is either ridiculous or pathetic. His wardrobe is his bank book, town house, castle in Spain and private yacht. His wardrobe does permit him, however, to maintain a Rolls-Royce, his latest acquisition in the way of ostentatious display. Along Broadway he and Mayor Jimmie Walker are the most striking clothes horses, and it was entirely proper that McIntyre should have written the blurb biography of Walker during the last municipal campaign. This must be said for McIntyre: Whatever his motives, instinctive or otherwise; whatever his mandate, conscious or otherwise, he does write a fairly interesting column, striking an average over the month—one which has to meet a requirement slightly more stringent than only an anti-New York bias. O. O. McIntyre is news largely because he is almost a nation's source of information concerning the social, theatrical, Broadway and night life side of New York. He is not only a New York columnist—there are, after all, dozens of New York columnists—but a New York columnist who meets the requirements of readers in every part of the country, prima facie evidence of the possession of a journalistic appeal that is closer to universality than that possessed by any other newspaper writer.

He has probably the largest potential reading public in America. His columns appear in papers which have a combined circulation of from five to ten million readers. Some of these papers use the columns only on Sunday and many of them

seven days a week. According to the syndicate which distributes McIntyre's column, there is not a city of 100,000 or more in population in the United States which does not print either the daily or the Sunday column. The only exceptions are the Twin Cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis—and the neighbor cities of San Francisco and Oakland, only one of which, in each pair, prints the columns because of the necessity of safeguarding the territorial rights of newspapers published in cities which have close neighbors. If we give to each of the 250 papers which prints the McIntyre column an average circulation of 20,000—and the column appears in papers published in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, St. Louis and other cities which count their populations by the millions—then we may give McIntyre a potential reading public of 5,000,000. If we give each of his 250 papers an average circulation of 40,000, his public, likewise, is doubled, to 10,000,000. Let us be conservative and say that, over the week, the reflections, lucubrations and chit-chat of McIntyre find their way into the hands of 5,000,000 readers. It is an achievement to amuse, or interest, or aggravate without alienating, such a number.

Thus, McIntyre's public is considerably larger even than that which may be claimed for Walter Winchell, another New York columnist. McIntyre may claim, at a conservative estimate, no less than fifty more newspaper publics than Winchell. There are other points of difference. Winchell's language and content are more New Yorkish than McIntyre's, who may be said to speak the language of the country at large rather than that of its largest village. There is more of a steady quality in McIntyre's column; he has been supplying the goods for a much longer period and has stabilized his market. He has none of the fascination of a rocket. He is no longer on edge and is not agitated by doubts as to whether his vogue will last. Whereas Winchell is a privileged spectator of the Broadway scene, McIntyre is part of it, he belongs. Whether because of policy or temperament, McIntyre does not antagonize, as Winchell does, by publishing items of scandal which may titillate New Yorkers, but tend to become meaningless to the provinces. Winchell conveys the feeling of a Broadwayite who doesn't know how long the racket will last; McIntyre was a known quantity some time before

Winchell had made his first appearance.

This is the story—rather roughly—of the career of Oscar Odd McIntyre. He was born somewhat more than forty years ago in a place called Plattsburg, Missouri. When he was a child, his family moved to Gallipolis, Ohio, the place which it is accustomed to credit with McIntyre. At any event, it was there that he won a medal for trick bicycle riding, and there that he was launched into newspaper work as a cub on the *Gallipolis Daily Journal*. He then worked in East Liverpool, Ohio, where he graced a job on the *Morning Tribune* of that community. He then served the *Dayton Herald*, and it was about that time that his destiny became fatefully linked with that of Ray Long, who offered him a job on the *Cincinnati Post*, on which he held various positions under Long's editorship.

WHEN Long went on to New York to edit *Hampton's Magazine*. McIntyre went along, and when *Hampton's* suspended—for reasons too intricate to examine here but sufficiently interesting to deserve a chapter in the history of American magazines—McIntyre obtained work on the *Evening Mail*. It was either while he was on the *Mail*, or after he had lost his job on that paper, that he started syndicating a column about New York. As press agent for the Majestic Hotel, which gave him his room and meals for the service, he ostensibly sent out a column of New York gossip, insinuating tid-bits for his employer. There are slight variations in this chapter of the McIntyre saga, variations which Mr. McIntyre himself, it is not too presumptuous to hope, will some day condescend to resolve. It is said that he had a number of publicity accounts—press agents today have clients pretty much on the same conditions which obtain in the legal profession—and earned his pay by inserting casual, or more than casual, references to them. One day, many years ago naturally, a Connecticut newspaper man sent Mr. McIntyre the sum of five dollars in gratitude. That paper is now said to be paying one hundred dollars a week. If a Connecticut newspaper pays \$100 a week for the use of a syndicated column which appears in no less than 250 newspapers and if some of these papers are published in the largest cities of the country—which would therefore pay proportionately larger fees, it may be safe to assume that Mr. McIntyre is running no large risk in possessing a

wardrobe which should be the hopeless envy of the flashiest Harlem bloods, and in running around town in a Rolls-Royce.

There is, however, a little distance to traverse between that fateful five dollar check and the wardrobe and the Rolls-Royce. There is another version of the humble beginning, which does not obscure the fact that there was an humble beginning. That version is that the gross proceeds of McIntyre's first week of conscious New York columning brought sixteen dollars into the family exchequer—he was married at the time. While Mr. McIntyre wrote the columns, Mrs. McIntyre operated the mimeographing machine and addressed and stamped the envelopes which contained the copies. Although these details are now in the hands of a large syndicate, it is a point of pride with Mr. McIntyre to answer his own mail and telephone calls, permitting no secretarial intermediary between himself and those members of his public who write to him. He loves fan mail and he loves flattery and, by his own account, nothing piques him so much as an adverse comment from even the most negligible sources.

Mr. Long, one of Mr. Hearst's best-paid magazine executives, feels a glow of vicarious triumph in McIntyre's success and he has contributed a little to it by the contribution of opportunity. Among the things that Long allowed McIntyre to do on the *Cincinnati Post* was to write a column, of the kind which H. I. Phillips writes for the *New York Sun*. Long thought it one of the best things in the paper, but the publisher declared against it. Today, Long publishes in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* every month a double page feature article by McIntyre which, says Mr. Long, produces more fan correspondence than any other single feature in that bulky monthly production. It is probably one of the most readable and least pretentious features.

Oscar Odd McIntyre is undoubtedly one of the oddities of New York's more or less fashionable night life, combining vestigial characteristics of the home town boy with a flair for the latest fads. Almost as touchily sensitive to adverse comment as Winchell, he has the saving grace of being able to poke fun at himself. In one of his columns he calls himself a frightened Mexican jackass. An habitué of the best restaurants, he does not drink because, he says, liquor does not agree with him, and he rarely smokes more than three cigarettes a day.

Night clubs, he says, bore him. His mother-in-law has been an indispensable part of his menage, at rest and while travelling, for the last twelve years. His affection for his mother-in-law is one of his most touching oddities. He is fond of dogs and the death of his best known pet some years ago was the occasion for much comment by Mr. McIntyre and other members of the press.

When in town, he stays in his apartment at the Ritz-Carlton a great deal of the time. He used to walk three miles around the old Central Park Reservoir and may continue faithful to this habit unless the Rolls-Royce proves too much of a temptation. In the evenings the McIntyres dine and go to the theatre and meet people they like, or know. "I like people but have not more than a dozen intimates," says Mr. McIntyre. He is less of a firstnighter than he used to be. The source of much of his information consists in volunteer offerings by mail and telephone. He has an enormous acquaintance and I have been told that he has been in the habit of sending marked clippings to the persons whose names he has put into print.

Mr. McIntyre contributes the following information about himself:

"I take two baths a day—a cold plunge in the morning and a warm tub at night—and blush when caught in a fib. . . . The only two vegetables I cannot eat are radishes and carrots. My favorite flower is the gardenia. My table manners are atrocious and I never make the slightest impression on strangers. . . . I was arrested at the age of eleven for swimming à la natural. . . . I read an average of a half dozen books weekly, try to eat in a different restaurant every night and subscribe to two clipping bureaus. . . . I can read German and speak a little French. . . . I love flattery and am easily flattered. Personal criticism used to infuriate me, but of late years I enjoy it. I have been rescued three times from drowning. . . . My head is shaped exactly like an egg

and I wear a seven and three-quarter sized hat. Purple is my favorite color. . . . I have not eaten lunch in twenty years. I weigh 148 pounds, am long, thin and like to go to fires. I have scarcely any physical courage, although I am not easily bluffed. . . . I believe in life after the change called death. . . . I do not belong to any clubs."

But it is his concern with dress, so

out of the Century Theatre in a milk-white suit and lavender sport shirt, and that when Michael Arlen came to America several years ago "with his full evening dress featuring a corded white shirt, vest and tie of the same material and a huge single pearl stud, I ran a temperature. And I wasn't satisfied until I outfitted myself in the same manner." He cannot mean it all, but he does some of it.

"I was the first, and if memory serves, the only person to appear in shoes of pebbled patent leather. . . . I had a collection of vests that ranged all the way from a few modest ones suggesting Thousand Island dressing or the blanket on last season's Derby winner all the way up to a darb of flaming red with large pearl buttons the size of peppermint wafers. Nearly all my young manhood I was pop-eyed from choke collars. . . . I wore hats with brims swooping up one side and flaring down on the other like Bob Hilliard in his palmy days." His delights in life, he continues, "have come through following the gradations and phenomena of style from peg trousers up to and including—now it is out and I feel better—the monocle! . . . I have worn white linen spats on the Bowery and strolled among dock wallopers swinging a cane. I have attended a round-up wearing a lapel



Hal Phyle

He has a weakness for nifty dressing

unintelligible that it becomes a matter for pathology, that chiefly characterizes him. In the January Cosmopolitan he contributed an article on his weakness for nifty dressing which, beneath its jesting air, reveals a pre-occupation with clothing which would seem exaggerated were it expressed by a member of the so-called weaker sex. He makes it apparent that his infatuation began in childhood. His first idol, he reveals, was E. Berry Wall, who had 250 suits and seventy-five overcoats. McIntyre reveals also that he wore a diminutive high hat to Sunday School at the age of six, that in his alleged maturity he would watch the late Vernon Castle saunter

rose, and live to record it. And you know what—I like perfume." The photographs of himself illustrating the article from which this is quoted reveal an anxious fashion plate.

At latest reports he had forty suits of clothes, a trunkful of loud shirts and no less than fifty silk dressing gowns. According to one report, McIntyre cannot do what he calls good work unless he is dressed "properly." "I dress pretty noisy," he said, "but I'm more proud of my robes than of anything else. I have to have a robe on to do good work. Even a plaid French suit and white spats won't loosen me up like one of

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►► The Curse of Plenty ◄◄

By LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

The working out of agricultural relief constitutes the most important obligation of the next administration. The object of our policies is to establish for our farmers an income equal to those of other occupations; for the farmer's wife the same comforts in her home as in other groups; for the farm boys and girls the same opportunities in life as other boys and girls. So far as my own abilities may be of service I dedicate them to help secure prosperity and contentment in that industry where I and my forefathers were born and nearly all of my family still obtain their livelihood.

SUCH was Herbert Hoover's profession on August 11, 1928, when that green-eyed, hydra-headed, fire-breathing political monster, "farm relief," swooped so low over Stanford Stadium that its hot breath several times caused members of the official Notification Committee to cough discreetly. On that day the official Department of Agriculture price index for thirty principal farm products was exactly fifty per cent above the pre-war level. Today, the same official curve dips to ten per cent of the 1910-14 average, the lowest point it has touched since July 1916, and it still is on the downgrade. The average farm price of wheat as of July 15 this year was 71 cents a bushel, the lowest level reported since the Department began compilation of comparative statistics in 1910. The average farm price of all grades of wheat to all markets during May 1930 was 87.5 cents a bushel, against a May average of 90.3 cents for the five-year period 1910-14.

While the July index of farm prices was only ten per cent above the pre-war scale, the price curve for the things the farmer buys remained, according to the same authority, forty-seven per cent above 1914. The index of agricultural disparity—the spread between the combined price curve for farm products and the general retail price level—was 38 points in July 1930, against 22½ points in July 1929.

The chief trouble with our farmers, runs the new creed of the Federal Farm Board, is that they produce too much. The curse of plenty is upon the land.

WHEN the Republican National Convention assembled at Kansas City, in June, 1928, the West was frankly skeptical of Mr. Hoover's qualifications to reestablish agriculture on a plane of

economic equality with industry. It was true, as had been emphasized so often in the pre-convention publicity in the farm belt, that the candidate had sprung from a long line of farmers, that he had been born in the heart of corn-poor Iowa, that he had known the pinch of forty-cent wheat as a boy. But it was also true, as had been proclaimed with equal vigor in the pre-convention publicity along the Atlantic seaboard, that every factor of training and experience equipped him with a firm grasp of industrial economy. His record as Secretary of Commerce confirmed the impression of the county agents and all their followers that Mr. Hoover inclined instinctively to the industrial viewpoint, to an economic philosophy which regarded agriculture as good and necessary only insofar as it served to sustain the manufacturing establishment with food and clothing.

Calling to their services, therefore, all the tricks of showmanship and post-war publicity which could be contrived on the spot, the politically articulate farmers assembled along presidential row set out in overalls, hob-nail shoes, red neckerchiefs and barn-yard straws to express their misgivings in the only language a national convention can understand—numbers, noise and page-one news. They marched in the torrid streets, armed with rakes, hoes, pitchforks and slogans. In every hotel lobby, in every campaign headquarters, they posted their great shibboleth, "Equality for Agriculture." The Equalization Fee was set to the tune of *Onward Christian Soldiers*, and to that stirring air the embattled farmers trod in close scramble to Convention Hall—utterly sincere in their purpose to disrupt proceedings there, if possible. The sentiment back home which this group symbolized was equally sincere in its determination to prevent the nomination of Herbert Hoover, if possible.

But the convention doors, alas, were sealed against the pitchfork parade. A few fiery spirits tugged and tussled with the guards for half an hour, and then the army slowly melted away. The convention maintained the regular order to its prayerful end.

Yet not in vain had the stock basements of Kansas City yielded up their surplus overalls and straws. No worthy

Republican had been carried around Victory Plaza on a pitchfork; but when the national platform emerged from committee at 4 o'clock in the morning a few days after the big parade, it contained this historic paragraph:

The Republican Party pledges itself to the development and enactment of measures which will place the agricultural interests of America on a basis of economic equality with other industries to insure its prosperity and success.

"Equality for Agriculture" had become, at last, a living ideal—if mere incorporation in the Republican national platform may be presumed to give vitality to a slogan. True, there were many in the convention who doubted still whether Mr. Hoover was the man best fitted for the task. But when Senator Borah, in a vigorous forty-minute speech, urged adoption of the agricultural plank and, later, seconded Mr. Hoover's nomination, the jig was up. The anti-Hoover coalition contented itself with winning the vice-presidential nomination for Senator Curtis, of Kansas, and the convention then was ready for appointment of the Palo Alto Notification Committee. If the farmers did not get all they asked, at least they had been promised all. Since Borah himself had said the candidate was all right, perhaps it would turn out that way. Certainly no one hoped so more fervently than the farmers and their political champions. They believed against conviction, and voted accordingly. Some of them are still hoping.

THE Hoover agricultural program was outlined at Palo Alto on August 11; at West Branch, Iowa, on August 21; at St. Louis, on November 2, all in 1928; once more in the Inaugural and, finally, in the message to the special session of Congress, on April 15, 1929. In each there was presented a five-point program calling for tariff adjustments, inland waterway development, co-operative marketing, crop diversification and an improved system of government market information. Nowhere was mention made of price stabilization through open market operations by the then projected Federal Farm Board. Indeed, Mr. Hoover was quite emphatic on several occasions that the government should undertake no service even fiscal, which could be rendered by private enterprise. At no point should the govern-

ment become involved in business. Nothing in the new policy—which was, in fact, a mere re-statement of the Coolidge policy—was clearer than that all devices to subsidize the farmer from the Federal Treasury would be rejected.

Only the vicissitudes of day-to-day politics, therefore, can explain the Farm Board's operations to date. With the tariff bill being kicked all over the lot by the Senate coalition, the temptation to insure its passage with four or five votes from the McNary-Haugen bloc must have been strong indeed; but so far as the record discloses the time relationship between the establishment of the Grain Stabilization Corporation in mid-February and the revival of Senatorial interest in the tariff bill was purely incidental. So, too, was it a mere coincidence that abandonment of the wheat stabilization policy was announced by the Farm Board on July 1, just as Congress was packing to go home.

It would be unfair, however, to pass final judgment on the Farm Board on the basis of its first year's work. It assayed a herculean labor under conditions far from normal. To it fell the task of blazing a new trail in national economy at a time when all the guide posts and land marks along the old paths suddenly were obliterated by a stock market conflagration which has not yet spent itself. A world-wide business slump coincident with the return of European agriculture to pre-war production aggravated the abnormal domestic situation. At best agricultural rehabilitation was accepted as a long time job. The validity of the program is not necessarily challenged, say its defenders, by the fact that the end of the first year finds the entire industry still writhing in the old agonies of over-production, falling prices, economic disparity with manufacturing, commerce and transportation.

Unfortunately for the Farm Board, however, the mass judgments which make political forces are not so discriminating. The man with the hoe is apt, instead, to seize upon the central fact that agriculture has not been led out of the wilderness and make that, willy nilly, the final practical estimate of President Hoover's farm relief program. That is the grave danger confronting the Ad-

ministration on the eve of the mid-term Congressional elections.

Save for approximately 1,000,000 bales of cotton and some 60,000,000 bushels of wheat bought in by its stabilization corporations at figures far above today's prices, the Board has to show for its first year only a progress report on cooperative marketing organization and the outline of an "advisory program" for the new fiscal year. Agriculture doubtless needs sound advice on a great many subjects, but the farmers themselves are obsessed by the idea that much more urgent is their

grudging, acquiescence. Today, however, after a year's experimentation, some of their leaders in and out of Congress frankly declare they accepted a sop. Whatever may be said of the Farm Board, agriculture is anything but out of politics.

WHEN the Board set up for business on July 15, 1929, it announced a two-fold program; first, to assist in the development of strong national cooperative marketing organizations for every major product; secondly, to educate the farmers to the necessity of balancing domestic production to domestic consumption.

"After many years of contention," said President Hoover in proclaiming the new law, "we have at last made a constructive start at agricultural relief with the most important measure ever passed by Congress in aid of a single industry."

A year's history may here be summarized in a single sentence. In every principal crop the 1930 production, plus carry-over, will be greater than that of 1929, and prices now are drastically lower. On July 15, for example, both wheat and cotton were 31 per cent lower than a year ago. The percentages were computed by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Corn was 15 per cent lower; rye, 49 per cent; hogs, 19 per cent; sheep and lambs, 36 and 32 per cent respectively.

As the new wheat crop moves to market the Department of Agriculture reports that "terminal storage space still is about half filled with old grain." Preliminary estimates of the cotton yield forecast the largest crop since 1926, which was near the all-time record. Close to 20,000,000 bales will have to be absorbed next year if the new crop and carry-over are to be cleared. Normal annual consumption plus exports ranges between 11,000,000 and 12,000,000 bales. At 11.9 cents a pound, the July 15 farm price of cotton was slightly below the 1910-14 level. And that was before the current crop had begun to move! To a less distressing degree the same condition rules in relation to other commodities. The Department of Agriculture's 1930 acreage estimates predicted an average increase of about two per cent in planting of all crops.



Warren in the Cleveland "News"

The guiding hand

need of a slice of profit—something to put in the bank, something with which to pay off mortgages. Consequently there are already unmistakable omens that another season of sound advice will resuscitate the late lamented equalization fee and debenture in the next session of Congress. The hot, dry air of the prairie states throbs with the rumblings of a revival of the dirt-farmer era in politics experienced between 1923 and 1928. "Equality for Agriculture" appears now to have been more than a campaign catch-phrase to that grim group of weather-worn westerners who, through their Congressional spokesmen, twice sent the McNary-Haugen bill to President Coolidge for a veto. When Mr. Hoover, throughout the campaign, promised the same objectives by a different route the farmers gave tacit, if

"We recognize, of course," said Carl Williams, cotton representative on the Board recently, "that an agricultural disease which has been slowly developing for over a hundred years cannot be cured over night nor that farmers, reared as individualists will at once fully adopt the principle of collective action; nor that, when they do adopt it, they will be at once fully capable of carrying on for themselves so that the Government can promptly step out of the picture. None of these things are immediately possible. All should eventually come to pass."

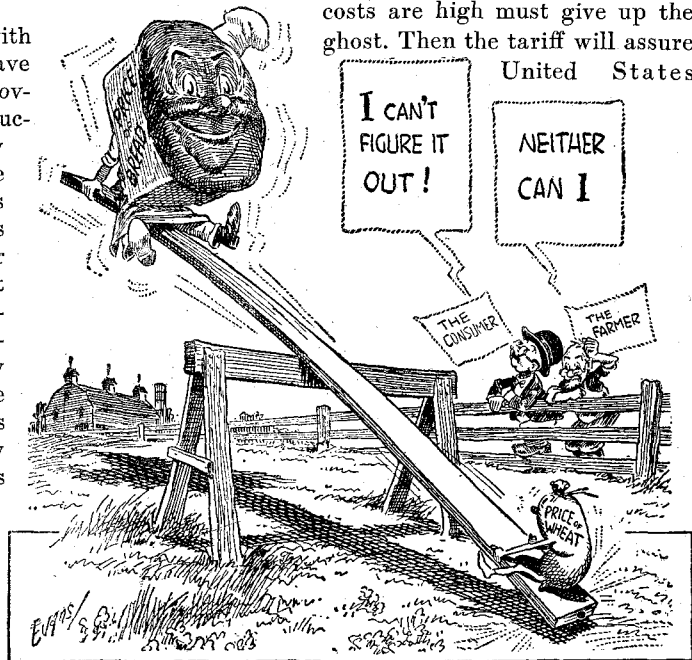
But how high is up, and how far is down? While some 30,000,000 people wait for that beautiful eventuality, farm prices continue to toboggan toward pre-war levels, and agriculture does not declare itself bankrupt only because it does not keep books. Preliminary official estimates of total farm income for 1930, place the figure about one and a half billion dollars below 1929—a decrease of approximately eight per cent. Recent declines in wheat and cotton and severe drought losses in the Corn Belt may force drastic downward revision of this estimate. Such a shrinkage in farm purchasing power while the industry still is struggling with its war-time mortgages forewarns of dark days indeed. Foreclosures still are abnormal, "with many localities continuing to report," says the Department of Agriculture, "that forced sales constitute the bulk of land trans-

as a remedy for this emergency? Hear Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde broadcasting from Washington on National Farmers Union hour, April 16, 1930:

We seek equality with industry. But we have observed that an ungovernable surplus production has wrecked many an industry. With the opening of enormous iron ore deposits north of Lake Superior and the development of the Bessemer converter, the steel industry expanded by leaps and bounds. The production of steel was divided among many independent plants which could and did make steel cheaply and rapidly. Production outran demand, prices sagged and fluctuated under the weight of the surplus. The solvency of every steel plant in the country was threatened. The answer was found in the organization of a merger of steel plants which controlled sixty-five per cent of the production. Production was regulated, and prices were stabilized. . . . The resulting corporation has paid dividends for thirty years, and has doubled the value of its properties out of earnings. . . . Industry organizes—assembles gigantic systems, welds them into great producing units through the cooperation of thousands of individuals, regulates production and pays high wages and good profits. We work three hundred and sixty-five days a year, every fellow for himself, refuse to cooperate with anybody. Produce a surplus—and as the inevitable result reap a declining standard of living.

Thus the general aim of the Board's policy appears to be the organization of agriculture on the lines of big business. This, however, is in violent conflict with President Hoover's Acceptance Speech formula. "The farm is more than a business," he said on that occasion, "it is a state of living. We do not wish it con-

verted into a mass-production machine." Nevertheless, the Farm Board repeats, relief can come only from the farmers themselves. Acreage must be reduced everywhere. Marginal producers whose costs are high must give up the ghost. Then the tariff will assure United States



Evans in Columbus "Dispatch"

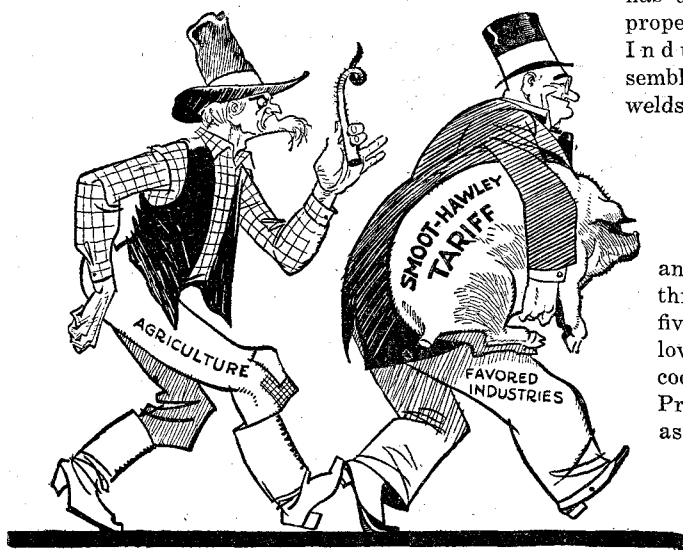
Page Professor Einstein

values, and cooperative marketing will increase profits by diminishing distribution costs. "The Federal Farm Board cannot protect farmers when they deliberately over-plant," runs an official declaration of policy published as long ago as January. "What the Board will do to help in marketing next year's crop will depend upon what the farmers do at planting time."

The farmers' answer is now written. It is—more production. The Farm Board's answer to that is yet to come—unless it was given by President Hoover himself in July 1929, when, in charging the new Board with its tasks, he emphasized that "we are building not for the present only but for next year and the next decade." In conformity with this White House dictum, Carl Williams told the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers on May 1, 1930:

The Job of the Farm Board is infinitely larger than that of attempting to meet emergency situations, or even that of encouraging the organization of farmers into strong, self-controlled and self-financed marketing institutions. Under the Agricultural Marketing Act the Federal Farm Board is essentially an agricultural planning board. It must look ahead as best it can. It must keep abreast of production and consumption in all nations. It must pass its information

(Please Turn to Page 38)



Doyle in Philadelphia "Record"

Bringing home the bacon

fers, and that an appreciable amount of excessive indebtedness remains to be adjusted." The farm bankruptcy rate for 1929, according to the same authority, was six times the pre-war experiences.

What has the Farm Board to suggest

agriculture on the lines of big business. This, however, is in violent conflict with President Hoover's Acceptance Speech formula. "The farm is more than a business," he said on that occasion, "it is a state of living. We do not wish it con-

►► The Trend of Events ◀◀

►► No; Then Yes

ON THURSDAY, August 21, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon received a group of Washington correspondents. They began an informal discussion of the financial situation, and the general agreement was that things looked none too good. Customs receipts were dwindling; they had fallen from \$85,000,000 during the first fifty days of the fiscal year in 1929 to \$45,000,000 for the same period this year. The total loss in government revenues during these fifty days, again compared with last year, was \$64,261,211.

Mr. Mellon was then asked whether, in view of these lamentable figures, the one per cent tax on normal incomes would be continued next year. The Secretary of the Treasury demurred at expressing an opinion. It was too early. The upturn might come. But was it not most improbable, had not Treasury Department experts, themselves, virtually abandoned hope? One or two of the newspaper correspondents had been doing some rapid figuring. At this rate, the loss in customs revenues alone might total \$200,000,000.

The Secretary of the Treasury, despite his somewhat formidable eyebrows and his banker's white mustache, is really an amiable, and a charming, old gentleman. He finally agreed that such was, indeed, the case. His callers understood, of course, that he was not to be quoted in any way? They did. They returned to their offices and prepared despatches after the usual formula: "high treasury officials admitted," "it was learned on competent authority," "from administration sources we learn." Mr. Mellon's anonymity was preserved.

Unfortunately, the despatches appeared on the first pages of most of the country's newspapers. On Friday morning, the clippings were on President Hoover's desk when he arrived at the White House. Presumably, too, there were already protests from business and political interests. Why be pessimistic? Mr. Coolidge had never been. Mr. Coolidge had helped the situation with optimistic statements.

So buttons were pushed, and the White House secretariat bustled about, and Mr. Mellon was requested to cross the street from the Treasury Department to the White House. Then came

the official statements. Mr. Hoover said he had reviewed the fiscal situation with Mr. Mellon and Under Secretary Mills. He could see "no ground now for the predictions . . . that a deficit was impending which would prevent continuance of tax reductions." The calculations had failed to consider that importers had rushed their goods in ahead of the new tariff. Payments on foreign debt had been omitted. Possible economies in government expenses might be effected.

Mr. Mellon, too, issued a statement. He echoed his chief. The stories had over-emphasized "the unfavorable fac-



Underwood

SPORTSMAN

Sir Thomas Lipton, owner of the Shamrock V

tors." He had "a very real hope" that tax reduction might still be recommended to Congress. The significant part of Mr. Mellon's remarks, however, was that final estimates would not be prepared until December. This is after Election Day. Until then, we predict, nought but sunny statements will be issued.

►► The Tariff Chairman

THE CRISIS in federal finances necessarily brings the Smoot-Hawley tariff to the fore again. There have been few predictions, save by the party press agents, that this would increase customs receipts. In the apologetic statement which accompanied Mr. Hoover's acceptance of the bill, he pointed to its provision for flexibility. This could hardly be revised upward. It was assumed to mean reduction.

But in the appointment of Henry P.

Fletcher of Pennsylvania as chairman of the new Tariff Commission there is slight hope for lower rates. Mr. Fletcher is generally accepted as a high tariff apostle. He is, however, a close friend to Mr. Hoover, and the White House in announcing the appointment stressed his career in diplomacy and his familiarity with economic problems abroad. Mr. Fletcher, as Under Secretary of State, had charge of the economic work of the State Department.

That the Senate, convening in December, will debate the Tariff Commission appointments with vigor, is certain. Under the law, the existing Tariff Commission expires on September 16. Before that time, Mr. Hoover will have to name the other two members. One of them will be a Democrat.

►► Sir Thomas Lipton

THOUSANDS OF Americans are hoping that Sir Thomas Lipton will win the America's Cup in the yacht races off Newport this month. More than hoping, they are talking openly and not because the eighty-year-old baronet is a member of the New York Yacht Club, a former steerage immigrant to America, and a self-made multi-millionaire. Nor merely because Sir Thomas has tried four times to carry the old cup back to England, spent \$5,000,000 in seeking the one trophy that has eluded him, and returned this year with the new Shamrock V.

For Sir Thomas has more than perseverance, which has made him a challenger for the America's Cup since 1899, forty-eight years after its capture from England. He has sportsmanship. He has lost with a smile, without an alibi. Having won more yachting trophies, flagons and bowls than any other living man, he fights to the last for this 100-guinea cup.

Thomas Johnstone Lipton's life began as a fight against poverty and obscurity. Born in Glasgow of Irish parents, he fought the bullies of Crown Street, became the leader of the neighborhood clan, left St. Andrew's Parish School for a cabin boy's job on an Irish Sea steamer, and sailed to New York in the old Devonian's steerage when but fifteen years old. He worked in the tobacco fields of Dinwiddie County, Virginia; in the rice fields of Coosaw Island, near Charleston, S. C., with a

tram-car company near New Orleans, and in a grocery store in New York.

Back he went to Glasgow, with \$500 saved, and a barrel of flour and an American rocking chair as presents for his mother. He disliked the conservative merchandising of his parents, opened a Stobcross Street grocery store on his own account when twenty-one, and inaugurated daring schemes of advertising and salesmanship. He opened branch after branch, first in Scotland, then Ireland, then England. Within ten years he was employing 8,000 men; before he was forty he was a millionaire.

Lipton ventured into tea in 1889, secured plantations in Ceylon to match his stockyards in Chicago, and with one sweep gave \$125,000 to feed the poor in London. He has provisioned an entire Russian army of 1,000,000 soldiers, fed 70,000 English troops maneuvering on Salisbury Plains, and written a £176,000 check for duty on a single shipment of tea.

A close friend of Edward VII, knighted in 1898 and granted a baronetcy in 1902, Sir Thomas became noted as a witty speaker and spoken of as a conversationalist who even made the Kaiser feel at home on his own imperial yacht. Sir Thomas still walks jauntily, talks cleverly and carries his mother's picture to all lands. "Never take a partner, always decline a loan," is his favorite maxim. His polka dot bow tie, heavy watch chain, and little white goatee are known almost as widely as his tea. If he proves victor off Newport, Americans will not grudge him his victory.

►► The Waltz, Also Tap Dancing

WE CANNOT RESIST, from time to time, calling attention to the prophetic nature of the material which appears in the Outlook. A good many months ago we offered the hospitality of our columns to Mr. Louis Chalif, an authority on the dance. We suggested that long skirts would bring back the dreamy, old-fashioned waltz. Mr. Chalif conceded that the new styles would result in changes in the dance, but he was inclined to be cautious. Perhaps it would be the waltz, perhaps it would be something else.

We point with pride, then, to the deliberations of the Dancing Masters of America, just concluded in New York. They list the dances for the coming year in this order: the waltz, the slow fox-trot, the fast fox-trot, the tango and the "novelty dance." This last is clouded in mystery, but it probably means that

the return to the age of innocence, to decorous, slow and melodious waltzing, is not quite here.

Unless we are mistaken this means tap dancing, a craze which the Dancing Masters of America officially recognized. It is just as well. What would we do with a sane, sober, waltzing younger generation? Let yesterday's flappers break their necks tap dancing in long skirts. They can be heard, even now, on every dance floor keeping time to the music. We predict that tap dancing will shortly be denounced by some of our



Keystone

BACK TO THE WALTZ

Thomas M. Sheehy, president of the Dancing Masters of America, and his daughter, photographed during an exhibition contest

better-publicized clergymen. Already, at a resort near Norfolk, Va., a young man is rumored to have suffered a heart attack from it.

►► Leaders of the Bar

CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES and Mr. George W. Wickersham, who is chairman of the Law Enforcement Commission, both addressed the American Bar Association last week on the subject of law. Inescapably by the audience and the country their remarks were interpreted in relation to the prohibition problem. Mr. Hughes, because of his high judicial position, obviously could not refer directly to it. Obviously, too, as we once heard a clever hostess remark, Mr. Wickersham "wove in and out among the facts."

Here were two leaders of the American bar, whose opinions should, and doubtless do, carry great weight. Chief Justice Hughes was in the happier position. In his address on the rights of the states, he emphasized the position which the principle of States' Rights held in the American system of government. He reminded his auditors of a fact too often forgotten, that the states constitute the source of power, not the federal government. That this philosophy be preserved was "the essence of American institutions."

One must bear in mind, in considering this address that prohibition had been referred to frequently at the sessions of the Bar Association, that the members of that association were, in fact, conducting a referendum among themselves on the question. With this background, then, let the words of Justice Hughes be judged:

"... this balance . . . should be preserved so far as human wisdom makes this possible—and encroachments upon state authority, *however contrived*, should be resisted with the same intelligent determination as that which demands that national authority should be fully exercised to meet national needs."

The italics, needless to say, are our own. We are not attempting to give undue emphasis to any part of Justice Hughes's address. We are seeking to interpret it in the light of things as they are. Now, as to Mr. Wickersham. It has not been easy, in the past, to determine the prohibition views of this distinguished attorney. It is not easy now. Most of his speech concerned law enforcement problems, but here, again, we take the liberty of interpretation. He was not, let it be understood, speaking of prohibition when he told of forty-eight state legislatures and the Congress at Washington grinding out more laws with 3,500 volumes of more than 1,500,000 pages of statute law already in existence. But he said it was not, perhaps, "unnatural" that under this barrage "the average American is not law-abiding."

Referring directly to prohibition, Mr. Wickersham criticized the Jones law, praised the shifting of enforcement to the department of justice, recommended that minor violators be disposed of without jury trial. He remarked, at one time, that Americans, generally, conceded the moral force of laws against murder, assault and the more serious crimes. But in another part of his speech he said,

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

in effect, that the individual had no right to disregard those laws which did not please him.

►► Clouding the Issue

IN COMMENTING, last week, on the decision of the Illinois Republicans to have another referendum on prohibition, we predicted that Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, candidate for the Senate, would use this as an excuse to avoid discussion of prohibition. Events have moved somewhat more swiftly than any one anticipated.

The state convention met at Springfield on Thursday, August 22, wrangled long and loudly over prohibition, and finally agreed to be bound by the referendum on November 4. Soon afterwards Mrs. McCormick addressed the gathering. She, too, pledged obedience to the dictates of the people—who have already voted wet in several referenda. She said she had declared herself a dry in 1928, and had affirmed that position in running for the Senate. But the majority ruled. As Senator, she would work for repeal of the 18th amendment if the voters so directed. For the present: "That issue I shall not now discuss."

Former Senator James Hamilton Lewis, Mrs. McCormick's opponent, addressed his own state convention at Springfield earlier in the week. Here was no confusion, no waiting for a referendum. The Democrats, with unusual unanimity, called for repeal. Mr. Lewis, who had already aligned himself with the wets, echoed the sentiment of his party. He favored, first, repeal of the Volstead Act to permit light wines and beers. He favored, second, repeal of the amendment itself.

What, then, is the wet voter in Illinois to do? To us, despite the attempt to cloud the issue, it seems clear that Mr. Lewis deserves the support of those who find the present situation intolerable. He spoke first. Mrs. McCormick was maneuvered into speaking. She will dodge the question, it is clear, during the campaign. She is anxious to hold the support of the Anti-Saloon League, whose benedictions she has thus far enjoyed. In brief, she is playing politics, and it has not been very clever politics, either. The dries may now nominate their own candidate, and this will split the Republican vote.

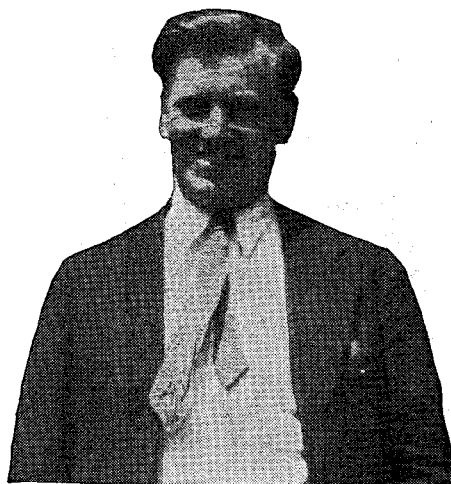
The set-back for the dries is clear. The embarrassment in which the Hoover Administration finds itself is increased. Not only is the wet Mr. Morrow due

to be elected from New Jersey, but a wet Senator from Illinois is fairly certain. Mr. Henry Curran of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment has estimated twenty-nine new wets in the House next year. He can soon issue a similarly cheerful statement about the Senate.

►► North Carolina Slips

NORTH CAROLINA has rejoined the black confederacy of masks, ropes and shot-guns. Absent for nine years, the Old North State returned to that ancient Southern club with the lynching of a Negro tenant in black-belted Edgecombe County, a hundred miles from the sea.

From any other Southern state the murder would be no more than the sim-



Keystone

BAIL JUMPER

Fred Erwin Beal, one of the Gastonia defendants who fled to Germany

ple story of Oliver Moore, black and twenty-nine, accused of attacking his landlord's two small daughters, held for trial, dragged from the jail, hanged to a tall pine tree and riddled with 200 loads of buckshot. Coming from South Carolina, Alabama, Texas or Mississippi, the events would be read without surprise, forgotten with the remark of "how pitifully brutal."

From North Carolina, however, the story is not of the mad morning in Edgecombe but of a state's failure after nearly a decade of success. North Carolina has tried sincerely to stop lynchings. The last three governors have been especially active in leading the state out of racial infancy. Members of mobs have been prosecuted, convicted and sentenced to terms as long as sixty-five years. Sheriffs have developed skill in dispatching prisoners to distant towns, stronger jails and even the state peni-

tentiary. When such safe-keeping was deemed insufficient or when the mob spirit seemed prevalent, National Guardsmen have been ordered out and stationed around courthouses. The trials have been moved from county to county, juries assembled with speed, and sentences executed without delay.

With this official action, an anti-lynching spirit seemed to sweep the state. A liberal state university and two large newspapers were in the lead. Nor did the state have any officials demanding the lynch law to protect white womanhood, as Senator Blease continued to do in South Carolina. Instead, Tar Heel voters supported the Commission on Inter-racial Cooperation, and spent large sums on Negro schools and colleges.

The Edgecombe mob has given the state a distinct setback. North Carolina is not yet as civilized as she hopes to be.

►► Also; Gastonia

NOR DID THE Supreme Court of North Carolina evince any liberalism in affirming the convictions in the textile labor cases which disturbed the state last year. Not one error did the Tar Heel justices recognize, either in the rulings which led to the murder sentences for the seven Communist leaders at Gastonia or in the convicting of four American Federation of Labor affiliates for rioting at Marion.

The fact that the decisions found three of the Gastonia defendants hiding in Germany is reported to be very pleasing to the people of Gastonia, who have been hoping to get the \$15,000 bail money to pay for the three trials. On the other hand, their absence is displeasing to the Communist leaders, who wish to appeal the case to the United States Supreme Court. In any case, their departure by means of forged passports indicates how little the decisions from Raleigh surprised any one familiar with that state and with Judge Maurice V. Barnhill's handling of the Gastonia case.

The youngest judicial officer in North Carolina, Judge Barnhill was named by Governor Gardner to hold the special court terms for the slayers of Gastonia's police chief. He was fresh from two cases where he had distinguished himself for fairness and daring. He was acclaimed for his knowledge of North Carolina law. He was advised to give the Communists a just trial. He was pictured as the state's most liberal judge.

Thereupon, Judge Barnhill allowed Fred Erwin Beal, leader of the defend-

ants both at Gastonia and in the trek to Germany, to be questioned concerning his Communistic teachings. He allowed Edith Miller, wife of another defendant likewise gone to Germany, to be harried about atheism and the red revolution. He allowed John Carpenter, the state's solicitor, to cajole the jury with a talk of the flag, good roads, insurrection and Heaven.

The jury convicted in fifty-seven minutes, Judge Barnhill handed down sentences varying from two to twenty years, and one of the prosecuting attorneys was nominated for Congress. "Strange rulings for a murder case," the Supreme Court justices were told. "But all on the statute books," they answered in effect, "and what do you expect from us when Maurice Barnhill is North Carolina's most liberal judge?"

►►The Bairn Is Born

OUTSIDE GLAMIS CASTLE the wind howled and the rain fell, and so the beacon on Hunter's Hill could not be lit when word came forth that a second child, a girl again, had been born to the Duchess of York. But word spread through the village when several motors careened over slippery roads to the railroad station twenty miles away. They carried messages which announced the birth to the four corners of the earth. They had to be used because the storm had torn down telegraph and telephone wires installed for the purpose.

It was shortly after 9 o'clock on the night of August 21, that J. R. Clynes, the Home Secretary, was escorted into the Tapestry Room at the Castle to see, as he later described it, "a chubby cheeked little girl—wide awake—I have never seen a finer baby." On this solemn, if by now merely formal, duty of certifying the royal birth, the Home Secretary was accompanied by the Duke of York, King George's second son, and close relatives of the family. Only then could the automobiles speed out. A good many centuries ago, there was talk that some royal infant had been, as Little Buttercup said, "mixed up," and no chances are taken by the British even when the Labor Party rules. The new Princess is fourth in line of succession to the British throne.

The townsfolk of Forfarshire, indeed throughout the Empire, had grown somewhat anxious. The child had been expected for two weeks. The Home Secretary had been cooling his heels for eighteen days. Relief, then, overcame

natural disappointment because the arrival was another girl. And the ale which had been waiting on Hunter's Hill, hard by the beacon, tasted all the better the following night when the rain had stopped. The flames climbed high, and bag-pipes skirled and girls and boys from the country-side drank and danced and wished well to the fine folk in the castle.

►►Just a Sick Girl

THE WIRES HUM again with news of Aimée Semple McPherson, California's Own. Early last week, Miss Harriet Jordan, Mrs. McPherson's first assist-



Underwood

SICK SISTER

Aimée Semple McPherson, California evangelist

ant vestal at the Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, hurried to the bedside of the evangelist with the exclamation that "Sister McPherson is dying." This, it developed, was not quite accurate.

Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, Aimée's mother, bluntly told reporters that the rumored illness, particularly stories of impending blindness, was "just blah." Mrs. Kennedy spoke from the seclusion of a sanitarium where she is nursing a broken nose. This, she said, was the result of an altercation with her lovely daughter on July 31.

The known facts are that Aimée and her mother have definitely broken. But did some unknown person throw a boa constrictor into Mrs. McPherson's room? Is it true, as another of the Temple's vestals remarked, that Aimée

thereupon had a nervous breakdown, including fits? Is she blind, or has she had her face lifted?

"I'm just a sick girl," is all that comes from Mrs. McPherson herself. At the worst, she cannot be half so sick as those who read about her.

►►The Drought Ends

RAIN THROUGHOUT most of the parched areas now leaves the problem of the drought as one chiefly of rehabilitation. It will still be weeks before any accurate report on the extent of the damage can be obtained. It will be next Spring before the effect of the crisis upon the farmer can be ascertained.

President Hoover has named a National Drought Committee consisting of officials of the Federal Farm Board, the Federal Reserve Board, the Red Cross, and the American Railway Association. Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, Under-Secretary of the Treasury Mills and Henry M. Robinson, chairman of the First National Bank of Los Angeles are also members of the Committee.

That the problem is financial is recognized, if somewhat tardily, at Washington. The Governors who attended Mr. Hoover's conference, had expected, in many cases, Federal aid. They returned home to report that no government funds were in sight, and then the Capitol began to hear that Republican prospects in the Congressional elections this fall had been further dimmed. Consequently Mr. Hoover is now promising another conference, which will go thoroughly into financing.

Meanwhile, the International Conference of Agricultural Economists at Cornell University was getting much closer to the ultimate solution of the farm problem. Several speakers, notably A. W. Ashby of Great Britain and F. E. Geldenhuys of the Union of South Africa, urged international treatment of agricultural depression. Mr. Ashby said that tariffs were futile, that all nations must act together for world stabilization.

Was there a hint of the free silver cry of 1896 in remarks by several speakers that agricultural depression was caused by the high price of gold? Whispers of this have been heard, from time to time, in recent months. The theory of over-production as the cause, to which the Farm Board adheres, is directly challenged by this assertion. The demand is, instead, that international bankers act to bring the price of gold in harmony with the needs of industry and agriculture.

▶▶ Al Smith; by Proxie

"... THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY will soon be in national control and will make this a happy as well as a prosperous nation."

The Joel Parker Association, a Democratic organization of West Orange, N. J., was staging its annual outing last week when this telegraphic message apparently from former Governor Alfred E. Smith was read to the members. It was received with enthusiastic cheers. It caused the Joel Parker Association to leap into national prominence. The message from the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1928 was solemnly discussed at Washington by political experts, and his words were seen as confirmation of statements already made by Jouett Shouse.

But on the following day, it developed that the telegram was a hoax. Governor Smith said that he was not "in disagreement with the sentiments expressed," but could not permit such a case of misrepresentation to pass. Thereupon started an investigation into the sending of the spurious message, with dark hints that a member of the Joel Parker Association was the culprit. Efforts to trace the telegram developed that it had been sent from an office near the Fifth Avenue home of Governor Smith, that it had cost \$1.92, that the clerk had suspected nothing.

A few days later, when Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York assumed the offensive, there was no chance of misrepresentation. In several speeches in upstate New York he attributed the current depression to failure on the part of the G. O. P. to recognize the law of supply and demand. He pointed to Candidate Hoover's campaign speech at Boston in 1928 in which he told of increased prosperity to come. The Republican Party, said the possible Democratic presidential nominee of 1932, had followed false economic gods. It had said that lasting prosperity would come if only production were speeded, great selling campaigns continued, and high wages paid.

Meanwhile, the Republican's orators continue to lament that unpatriotic Democrats seek political fortune out of their country's woe, a woe in which Republicanism, obviously, had played no part.

▶▶ Ma Loses

TEXAS SAID NO to the Fergusons with a majority of approximately 100,000

against any more Ma-and-Pa Governorships. The Democratic nomination, assuring election in the Lone Star State, went to Ross Shaw Sterling, oilman, Houston publisher and head of Governor Moody's State Highway Commission.

In the July primary Ma led the millionaire by 55,000 votes, while nine other candidates garnered half the ballots. But approximately 200,000 more votes were cast in the run-off than in the free-for-all. In three weeks the Texans woke up, put Fergusonism to rout, and prepared to place Sterling where stands the shilly-shally Moody.

Sterling started as a poor boy, learned to read and write after he was twenty-



Wide World

LONE STAR WINNER

[Ross S. Sterling, Democratic nominee for Governor of Texas]

one and became what the Longhorns call "an accidental millionaire." From freighting produce in flat-bottoms across Galveston Bay he wandered to country store-keeper, caught fortune from oil gushers, became a multi-employed business man and built a twenty-three room, eight-bath home at Bay Shore.

As highway chairman, Sterling pushed a four-cent gas tax through oil company opposition and advanced into the primary crying, despite Texas's anti-Smith prosperity, for a \$350,000,000 highway bond issue. His victory, accidental in that the election was largely a pro-Ferguson, anti-Ferguson line-up, may and may not prove the final defeat of the pardon-granting pair. A change of one vote in seventeen would have given the nomination to Ma. Ma's election in 1924, as Al Smith's defeat in 1928, showed that Texans can change quickly to any

candidate. But at least Texas is rid of the Fergusons for two more years.

▶▶ Tammany on Trial

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY in New York State, of which Governor Roosevelt is the nominal leader, has at last awakened to knowledge that corruption in the courts is a dangerous issue to leave in the hands of their opponents in the approaching gubernatorial campaign. Two investigations into allegations that Tammany Hall has perverted the judiciary have been started.

Politics serves a useful function when it exposes corruption. This has happened. United States Attorney Tuttle, a Republican, is said to be ambitious for higher office. Whether this is true or not, his party—facing internal strife on prohibition—is desperately seeking an issue on which it can agree. The Heaven-sent issue came when Mr. Tuttle uncovered evidence leading to allegations that former Magistrate George F. Ewald had paid more than \$10,000 to Tammany politicians for elevation to the bench. He was appointed by Mayor Walker.

The Democrats have shown lamentable judgment in meeting this issue. Already, in regard to judicial and other offices, Tammany had been increasingly in disrepute. Then came the Ewald case, and the Tammany district attorney in New York did not press for an indictment before the Grand Jury. Ultimately Governor Roosevelt acted, as he was forced to do, by turning the case over to Attorney General Ward, who is a Republican. At the same time, he requested the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court to inquire into the city's lower courts. If the Democrats delude themselves that the scandal is local, let them glance at some out-of-town newspapers. It is, quite regularly, on the front page.

▶▶ Hey! Where's the Fire?

AMONG ALL the sensations which bring mankind closest to fellowship with the worm, the most common is when some traffic patrolman's whistle has sounded and one is directed to, "Hey, you, pull over to the curb; where do ya think the fire is?" Then, insults are endured by the stoutest individual. Women do not escape. Chivalrous Southerners, whose ancestors drew their dueling pistols on far less provocation, sit silently by while their wives and sisters, should they be at the wheel, are unmercifully upbraided.

But a champion has arisen. Major Charles P. Shinn of New York returned from a month's vacation on August 4, started to his office in his car, and inadvertently passed a new detour sign. Patrolman Ralph Cucco promptly halted him, and the conversation was doubtless about as follows:

Cucco: "Hey! Where do ya think the fire is?"

Shinn: (pleasantly) "I'm sorry, officer, I just got back. I didn't see the sign."

Cucco: "Ya! Tell me another. I seen you drive by here every morning for a month."

Shinn: (less pleasantly) "You're a liar."

Cucco: "Here's your ticket."

The case came up in Traffic Court on August 20, with Major Shinn acting as his own attorney and enjoying, delirious experience, the novelty of cross-examining Cucco. He explained to the Court that he represented "all the motorists in the world who have been sassed by a traffic cop." He was acquitted in triumph, after Cucco had admitted that the arrest was unjustified.

►► Safety in the Air

THERE IS FOOD for thought in the report of the Actuarial Society of America that the death rate among transport pilots who have had 400 hours or more in the air is much lower than among those with less experience. The statistics offered are, at best, none too encouraging. They show an air passenger death rate of 1 per 5,000; which makes flying about 200 times as dangerous as traveling by rail.

The study was made by J. E. Hoskins of the Travelers Insurance Company and H. R. Bassford of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. An optimistic side is brought out in the declaration that flying is becoming safer each year. But the statistics regarding the lower death rate among experienced pilots are the ones that the Department of Commerce and the air transport companies will do well to take to heart.

The rate among pilots is, naturally, very much higher than among passengers, who fly only occasionally. It was found that pilots holding transport class licenses have a rate of 34 per thousand. Of this group, however, those who had flown 400 or more hours were killed in only 29 cases out of each thousand. The ratio for those who have flown less than 400 hours is 34 per thousand. For the

first time, then, accurate and trustworthy data is offered on which action can be taken. Some of the commercial flying companies have been none too cordial toward government supervision. They have resented investigation in the wake of accidents. In the face of these figures, they can hardly oppose more stringent requirements for transport licenses.

►► Jobs Wanted

STATISTICS on unemployment—even if reliable ones existed—mean little. To read in census estimates that 2,000,000 men are out of work may be momen-

Remarkable Remarks

Often times in politics too much money defeats itself, but not always.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

The country is far better off today than it was a year ago.—HENRY FORD.

It is probably natural that the press and the public should have assumed that the commission's task was primarily to investigate and report on the question of prohibition.—GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM.

Women are gradually making men what nature did not make them—monogamist, loyal and dependable.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Man has three outlets for his energy—alcoholic intoxication, love and work. It is not a bad idea to mix the three about evenly.—DR. EUGENE LYONS FISK.

At thirteen I had never kissed a girl, despite all my philanderings in their direction.—BUDDY ROGERS.

I do not intend to become a tennis "bum."—GEORGE LOTT.

I am just a suffering girl.—AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON.

tarily depressing, but it is easily forgotten. Doubtless they could get work. Most of them, probably, are incompetent and shiftless.

Let us look for a moment, then, at a scene on the lower end of Lafayette Street in New York. It is not a cheerful avenue. It swarms with automobiles and trucks. The air is heavy with the odor of burned gasoline. Nearby is the city prison, that gloomy pile of stone called The Tombs. A little to the north is Police Headquarters. At No. 54 Lafayette Street the city last week opened a free employment agency and swiftly closed it, save for an hour or two each day, because of the flood of applicants.

In the first two days, 6,000 had asked for jobs and 1,000 more had registered

by mail. Only 335 places had been provided. The men and women who stood wearily in line for hours were, for the most part, well dressed, decent, all too anxious for work of any kind. They grasped at chances to wash dishes, to work in factories. They told of being unemployed for months. Men with families said their condition was desperate. But in the biggest, and presumably the wealthiest, city in the world, the doors of the agency had to be shut in their faces. Few jobs existed.

The story is beginning to have a dangerously familiar sound, and suffering this winter will be real unless the upturn is immediate and continued. Probably nothing can be done to accelerate the process. The widely advertised programs for the construction of public works have relieved the situation not at all. The United States is not alone in its unemployment crisis. Great Britain now has 2,000,000 out of work, and the Labor Government is at its wit's end attempting to find a solution.

Whatever the solution may be, it is not political, any more than the tariff is properly a political question. It is economic. But Mr. Hoover, who once had a passion for facts, might take the first step toward relief by permitting authentic surveys which will reveal exactly how many people are walking the streets for jobs, losing heart, growing desperate.

►► This Modern World

SOMEWHERE off the Massachusetts coast, rolling in the slow swells of a summer sea, the schooner Eleanor Nickelson lay last week while revenue cutters and other vessels searched for her. She carried no wireless. She was beyond the long fingers of civilization, almost as remote as though steam and radio and modern science still slept in the dreams of poets and inventors. The Eleanor Nickelson belonged to a day when men went out to the sea under canvas, when the women who stayed behind climbed the highest hill to watch for sails against the sky.

She was almost as remote, but not quite. For when the wife of John Perry, a member of the crew living in Boston, became seriously ill, the radio flashed word of it to every ship in the vicinity. Coast guard cutters raced out to find the Eleanor Nickelson. Presumably, although it was not considered important enough to be recorded in the newspapers, John Perry was taken off the

schooner and hurried back to Boston.

So, the old lingers with the new. Meanwhile, on the remote island of Raratonga in the Pacific, two school teachers are wondering how they will get home now that the S. S. Tahiti is at the bottom of the sea. The liner

stopped there once a year. It was the only vessel to do so, and the teachers had planned to return to Seattle on board her. Again, science intervened. A cable touches Raratonga and has already brought an appeal for another ship.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND Republican leaders and President Hoover's friends to be in a surprising state of alarm at the success which has attended the first year's efforts of the Democrats' publicity factory at the Capital. We discern signs of fright not so much in their effort to establish a rival state-making and pointing-with-pride bureau as in their repeated references to the Democrats' unwonted activity in their private discussions. It must seem strange to them that, in the Administration of the man whose publicity enterprises once commanded the admiration of press and politicians, his opponents should have outdistanced him so strikingly. Instead of a Democratic National Committee which functioned rather sleepily every four years, we now see a brisk center of propaganda issuing forth a devastating volume of criticism of Republican rule and arraignment of the President himself. To this unrelenting attack we attribute the fact that Mr. Hoover, unlike his predecessor, Mr. Coolidge, has not become a myth or a demigod to the press and public. So long as the authors of the Democratic propaganda keep their feet on the ground, so will Mr. Hoover. He himself, we understand, grows restless under this and other tendencies to assail him in a personal as well as a political way, and at a recent press conference he spoke his mind quite freely anent the conduct of certain Democratic and unfriendly newspapers published near the Capital.

The major credit for the Democrats' achievements in this field is due, in our opinion, to Charles M. Michelson, who, though now quite unknown to the general public, is in a way to become famous for his efforts. Mr. Michelson is a short, stubby person who for years served here as chief of the Washington Bureau of the New York *World*; his ironic correspondence frequently stirred both

G. O. P. and Democratic readers to gentle laughter, as it now moves the former to distress. He is a quiet and unassuming figure, an unruly mop of greying hair being his most noticeable feature, but he has the mind of a critic. When not engaged about John J. Raskob's business, he can be found in



Emporia Daily Gazette

The new dancing master

the gaming room of the National Press Club, where he plays an indifferent game of quarter-a-cent bridge and an excellent game of dominoes.

So far as we can discover, Mr. Michelson has simply applied the methods of a good city editor to politics. He has an elaborate and able staff which assembles statistics designed to refute Republican claims or reveal the hollowness of trumpeted legislative and executive acts of a Republican Congress or President. Exercising great care for the facts and the truth, he serves this up in a statement framed with scientific regard for its effect upon public psychology.

It is next a comparatively simple matter to commandeer a Representative or

a Senator eager to issue this intelligent analysis of Republican sins or superlatives to the press. Day after day such statements have received a good play in the newspapers, the climax coming when the New York *Times* placed one of these proxy pronouncements by Senator Claude Swanson of Virginia on column 1, page 1. Messrs. Hoover, Watson and Smoot, we know, attribute the unpopularity of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill solely to Mr. Michelson's most effective counter-attack upon its rates and its effect upon the consumer's pocketbook.

"Charlie," as he is known to the 400 Washington correspondents, who like and admire him, must get quite a kick out of his job. It is not every newspaperman who can transform Congressmen unable to make a coherent speech into Daniel Websters and William Jennings Bryans, as he does each time he asks an M. C. to stand sponsor for one of his publicity pieces. If he were not receiving the reported sum of \$25,000 a year for his work, we imagine his pleasure at pulling the strings of Democratic puppets and the legs of smug Republicans—he never did like them—would be sufficient compensation.

The Republicans have lately sought to meet this menace with a publicity shop of their own, but so far their failure has been quite complete. To our mind, their first mistake was in the selection of their personnel. Whereas Mr. Raskob was wise enough to pick Mr. Michelson, Mr. Hoover named James West, a former Associated Press man, whose attainments fall far short of his opponent's. Despite many merits, Mr. West has never shown brilliance at writing, philosophical depth or a critical faculty, and, worse still, he was never popular with his fellow-craftsmen. He has, we happen to know, few of the "contact" and publicity qualifications so eminently combined in Mr. Michelson.

Jouett Shouse, who heads the Democrat's bureau, has made a deeper impression on the Capital than the Republicans' new Brisbane, the boyish, back-slapping Robert H. Lucas of Kentucky. Mr. Shouse wisely delegates the real work to Mr. Michelson, contenting himself with radio speeches and ritzy dinners to a select group of Washington writers. Mr. Lucas, we suspect, is still trying to find what it is all about.

—A. F. C.

➤➤ The Auerbach Plan ◀◀



OBVIOUSLY the solution for prohibition put forward by Joseph S. Auerbach and condensed in the leading article in this issue, is a suggestion from a sincere if moderate wet. By that much it will probably

be discounted by extreme dries everywhere. One of the slogans of the Anti-Saloon League and its supporters is that the working out of prohibition should be lodged in the hands of its friends. And Mr. Auerbach, clearly, is no friend of prohibition. In fact, he himself has elsewhere stated that if he thought his proposal would in any way retard the eventual repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, he would withdraw it. Any candid reading of his suggestion, nevertheless, makes it clear that he is a friend of temperance and good citizenship. Further, that he has devoted a measure of time and thought to his practical working solution that precludes a mere prejudiced dismissal of it. Here is a wet with a definite constructive idea.

➤➤ So FAR as the Outlook is concerned, it seems to us that Mr. Auerbach, legally speaking, has established his position beyond practical doubt. On his substitute amendment, of course, there can be no legal argument. Where his amended Volstead Act is in question, it seems reasonable to assume that if Congress can pass one Volstead Act, interpreting the Eighteenth Amendment, it can pass another. If it does not go to the extreme length of its authority in its second attempt at legislation, it at least does not exceed that authority. Nor is it acting in contravention to the intent of the Eighteenth Amendment as originally conceived, by allowing the state some of the concurrent power which that amendment reserves to them, rather than by continuing to arrogate to itself all such authority. The ground this new legislation does not cover could be amply covered by the states, either by the revival of liquor laws already upon the books or by new statutes passed in the light of the new situation. The main temporary effect would be a much modified state prohibition in some sections, and in others a continuance of the complete bone-dry, federally re-enforced prohibition which the whole country knows today. This condition would obtain until his substitute amendment was passed and the states which did not pass concurrent acts were at liberty to try modern methods of liquor control without interfering with their dry, sister commonwealths.

➤➤ SOCIALLY speaking, the advantage of this to both wet and dry states is obvious. In a very practical sense, the door is opened for immediate reform. Granted that Mr. Auerbach's final proposals could be carried through, genuine home rule on the subject would once more be possible and each state could go as far in the direction of legal help toward temperance as its local public opinion warranted. Corruption would be dealt a death blow in the very localities where it flourishes most. Meanwhile, each and every state would be protected in its efforts toward a solution of the problem and the tyranny of nationally enforced prohibition for the wet states would be over.

➤➤ IT is only politically speaking, that doubt arises over the wisdom of Mr. Auerbach's proposal. It is clear that it is a proposal on which moderate wets and moderate dries could alike join forces in and out of Congress. A mere majority in Congress could take the first step. And the compromise nature of the second step would render it much quicker of accomplishment and less liable to be wrecked by die-hard opposition than any extreme measure. If a nation-wide sentiment could be quickly gathered behind such a proposal, it could be made more quickly into law than any other we have seen. Yet, it is the very necessity for the existence of such a body of sentiment that probably constitutes the greatest barrier against the success of his plan. It is not unreasonable to imagine, for instance, that lawyers who have felt the Eighteenth Amendment out of place in our Constitution will not feel inclined to its continuance there in any form, however diluted. Extremists on both sides of the liquor question would certainly feel luke-warm. If his proposal were adopted, Anti-Saloon heads would undoubtedly consider their case lost. Whereas, if the evils of the present situation were so ameliorated in the wet states that the movement for final, absolute repeal were slowed up, is it unreasonable to suppose that the heads of the various associations against prohibition would feel their case had been fatally ham-strung? Meanwhile, certainly genuine, bone-dry fanatics and saloon wets would have no enthusiasm for it whatsoever.

➤➤ OVER AGAINST such considerations as these is the fact that, as Mr. Morrow has declared in his statement advocating repeal, control of liquor is a question after all of practical government. Government, so far as any national application of the Volstead Act is concerned, has fallen down. Something definite should be done as soon as possible before things go from bad to worse. Here is a proposal which will allow the Volstead Act to continue to operate where it has most chance of success; and will, at the same time, allow eventually a trial of other methods in states where the present Volstead Act can obviously never be a success. More, it is a proposal which covers the whole field, which is definite in its intent and in its wording, and which provides a definite goal at which to aim. Above all, it would end as quickly as possible a tyranny which has been going on for years, and which is rapidly making the federal government an alien and oppressive power. To us, it seems that the vital question raised by the whole proposal is: How large and powerful a body of citizens is there who would make such a plan their own? How many influential supporters, both politically and socially, can such a plan attract? How much influence can this group exercise on Congress and upon the two political parties, already under a cross-fire between the Anti-Saloon League and the various associations against prohibition?

The Editors

⇒ The Student Works His Way ⇐

THE decline of the little red school-house and the phenomenal rise of the college have introduced, within the past twenty years, a new American idol. The Self-Made Man has been supplanted in public esteem by The Man Who Worked His Way Through College. In essence the new idol is very similar to the old. Though not born in a log cabin, he has all the virtues of the pioneer: courage, determination, persistence, a capacity for hard work, and an ability to seize opportunities; hence he is destined, like his predecessor, to make a million dollars—or perhaps, in these fabulous days, ten million dollars—and in general to be a great success in the world.

The baleful influence of these deities comes not so much from themselves as from their worshippers. Parents who, twenty years ago, would have denied their sons any college education at all now make them work for their room and board, the theory being that washing dirty dishes three times a day will endow a youth with all the qualities that have brought fame and fortune to previous dishwashers. This basic theory has been amplified in various ways. Many parents, having learned from the Sunday supplement of their local newspaper or from the short stories in a popular magazine that college life is nothing but a series of drunken orgies and petting parties, make their sons work to keep them pure. Others, deluded by the published statistics of a few college employment bureaus, believe that outside employment will make their sons better students. A large number of fathers, too busy to investigate the matter, content themselves with the cogent remark, "I had to work when I was his age, and what was good enough for me is good enough for him."

So widespread are these beliefs and practices that the colleges themselves have been aroused to action. A recent bulletin published by Cornell University states, "It has been found that some parents or guardians have the notion that it does a young man good to earn his board or his room rent at college. The notion is as false as it is queer. Self-support handicaps a student. It is honorable if it is necessary, but it takes time and energy that any student might much better be employing otherwise." Investigations conducted by physicians, deans of men, heads of employment

By RAYMOND F. HOWES

bureaus, and psychologists in various other institutions support this statement with objective proof that outside work, for the average student, means poorer health, lower marks, and psychological disturbances that may handicap him for the rest of his life. The current pamphlet on self-support distributed by Syracuse University answers the question, "Who can earn his way through college?" in these words: "A student should: (a) stand in the top half of his class in school; (b) be physically strong—not subject to diseases, as illness causes him to lose time; and (c) have such a determination to get an education that he will overcome the difficulties found in his way during four years of hard work from early morning until late at night." The writer of the pamphlet should have added, (d) have a thick skin.

IN THE perennial deluge of poppycock concerning the American college student, the basic fact that he spends from thirty to sixty hours a week attending classes and studying is usually submerged. The weekly average for students at the University of Idaho is thirty-nine hours and fifty minutes, and for students at Cornell (this report covered freshmen only) forty-four hours and forty minutes. Even the supposedly frivolous young women of Vassar dedicate to the pursuit of knowledge thirty-nine hours every seven days. These surveys indicate that the student of average ability cannot make good grades in any American university with high scholastic standards if he spends less than six hours a day, including Sunday, on academic work. The same surveys show that this leaves him, after deducting time for sleeping, eating, shopping, and performing various miscellaneous duties, less than five hours a day for recreation. Yet the student who waits on table or washes dishes for his board must give three hours a day to that; and if he works for his room as well, he cleans windows, mows grass, shovels snow, or carries out ashes for an hour more. It is evident that he must sacrifice study, sleep, extra-curricular activities, or social life. To curtail any of these is dangerous. Dr. H. D. Lees of the Student Health Service at the University of Minnesota speaks for most of his col-

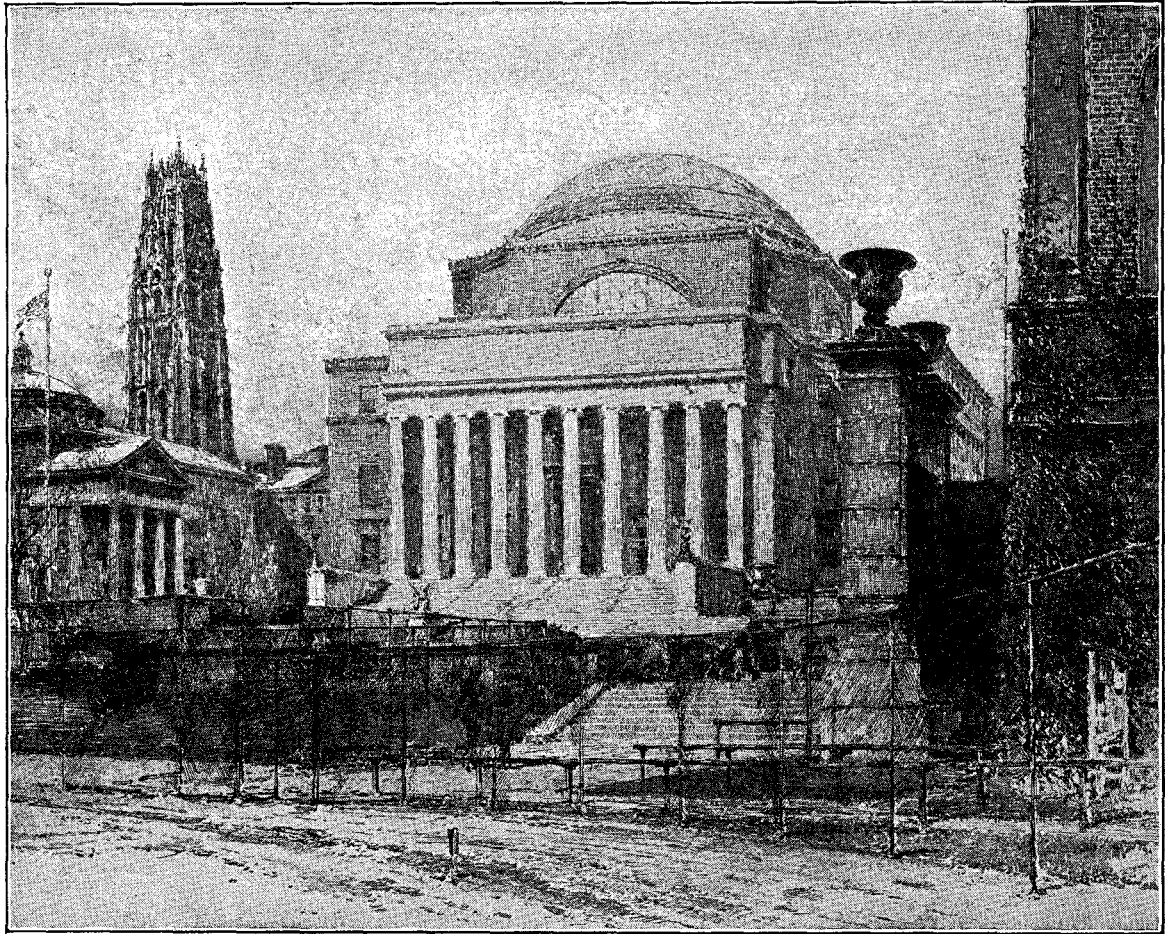
leagues when he says that social contacts, recreation, and participation in athletics are of great importance to young people's health and emotional stability.

Because most working students, when they first enter college, fail to realize the magnitude of the task they have assumed, many universities, such as California, Cornell, and Syracuse, ask that the freshman have enough money to carry him through the first term. By the beginning of the second term he knows that if he works he will have to sacrifice much that makes college life valuable, and he can decide whether such an education as he will acquire is worth the price. Many decide that the price is too high; a questionnaire sent to one-hundred and eleven freshmen who left the University of Chicago in 1928 brought thirty-five replies giving lack of finances as the primary reason and ten giving it as a secondary cause. Those that continue resign themselves to a lopsided college career.

No one who has taught in an American college or university needs the word of J. A. Bursley, dean of students at the University of Michigan, to convince him that work handicaps many students in making good grades. "I couldn't do the assignment because I had to work" is a stock alibi everywhere. But fewer students actually fail for this reason than might be supposed. A high proportion of those for whom self-support is an absolute necessity hold scholarships; if they did not, most of them would never have entered college at all. Good grades, therefore, which enable them to keep their scholarships mean money as well as academic distinction. Such students will sacrifice popularity, recreation, and even health to make high marks. They swell the ranks of the book-worms not from choice but from necessity. At Princeton, for example, they take more than their proportionate share of Phi Beta Kappa keys; but they play little part in extra-curricular activities or social life. It is a curious instance of poetic justice that the students to whom self-support is not a necessity but a parental whim have the worst academic records. Lacking the fixed determination to secure an education at any cost and the added incentive of protecting scholarships, they frequently choose to make the most of their social opportunities and depart after two or three

terms with little to show for their efforts but a "hot line" and a taste for gin.

There has been so much criticism of extra-curricular activities in recent years that many parents doubtless feel quite virtuous when they deny their children participation in athletics, fraternities, undergraduate journalism, or committee work. Having heard Woodrow Wilson's celebrated dictum that the side-shows are swallowing up the circus, they jump to the conclusion that all the side-shows must be meaningless and worthless. This notion, like many others concerning college life, is compounded of some truth and much error. Intrinsically, it is true, many extra-curricular activities have little practical value. The business training received by a football manager will not make him a great executive, nor will the experience of a reporter on a college newspaper qualify him to be a foreign correspondent for the *New York Times*. But the football manager and the reporter gain something which at the time is of much greater importance—standing in the college community. A boy of eighteen is in many ways immature, but his ambition to make a place for himself among his fellows is as strong and as worthy as his father's, and his self-respect is even more easily hurt. The college boy's primary purpose is to learn, just as his father's primary business may be to manufacture soap; but the student's standing in the community depends largely, like his father's, on whether he belongs to the right clubs and takes an active part in community enterprises. Forcing a boy to work so hard that he cannot try for the track squad is more preposterous than forcing a business man to work so hard that he cannot play with the local golf team—



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Etching by L. Kasimir

more preposterous because the psychological effect on the boy would be, in most instances, more harmful. There is no surer way of perverting the outlook of an ambitious youth than to place him for four years in an environment where men of lesser talents but greater financial support win every race for honor and popularity. Even a Phi Beta Kappa key is a hollow reward for such an experience.

This point, though generally overlooked, is of prime importance because advocates of self-support have always exalted the effect of work on character. It can be admitted that work teaches self-reliance and the value of money. But self-reliance may be developed in other ways, in extra-curricular activities even, and a student can learn the value of money by working in his summer vacations. On the other side of the ledger put this statement from a student at the University of Iowa: "While he is learning self-reliance and the value of a dollar, the working student is giving up the social training which a university life offers." There is a myth, unhappily lent authority by Dr. W. J.

Greenleaf of the United States Bureau of Education, that the self-supporting student suffers no social handicaps. Dr. Greenleaf has become the victim of his statistics. Having discovered that about half the men and one-fourth of the women in American colleges contribute to their own support, he assumes that work can carry no stigma. A closer analysis of the situation, however, brings to light some pertinent facts. His figures, for example, include students employed as departmental readers, tutors, laboratory assistants, choir singers, entertainers, and artists' models, whose occupations lend them more rather than less social prestige. Again, considerably more than half the students listed earn only a small part of their expenses. A sharp line must be drawn between these two classes of students and those who earn all their board or room rent by doing menial work such as waiting on table, washing dishes, or caring for furnaces. At Cornell University the latter group earns more than eighty-five per cent of all the money made by students; at Yale, where opportunities for work in the city are more diverse, the group

earns nearly fifty per cent. It is not an exaggeration, therefore, to say that the average self-supporting student does distasteful manual labor for which he receives at best fifty cents an hour.

THE vital fact about the average working student is that he serves other students. He may excel them all in his knowledge of English literature, but they can order him to pass the muffins or wipe a spot from the floor. If he resents their impositions, they can take away his job. A typical letter to a college employment bureau says, "We must have young men in our kitchen who are serious minded and anxious to please in every way." If the boy is at all sensitive he develops an inferiority complex which militates, quite as effectively as any outside pressure, against his social ambitions. He may be afraid to speak to attractive girls because he knows they have friends in the fraternity where he works, or he may make himself obnoxious to them by attempting to assert an assumed superiority. He may refuse invitations to dances which he knows his employers will attend, or he may thrust himself into their private parties and cause general embarrassment. He will meet, now and again, a girl who will snub him, for colleges, like other communities, breed snobs; and to relieve the pain he may become a snob himself.

External pressure confirms the social status which the self-supporting student helps to fix for himself. The pressure may be small or great, depending on the college which the boy attends. Dr. Greenleaf's optimistic generaliza-

tion that "the democratic spirit is prevalent on most college campuses" needs explanation. In the middle western state colleges and universities, where the wealthy élite often form too small a proportion of the population to set the tone, "student leaders," as he says, may be "chosen because of popularity

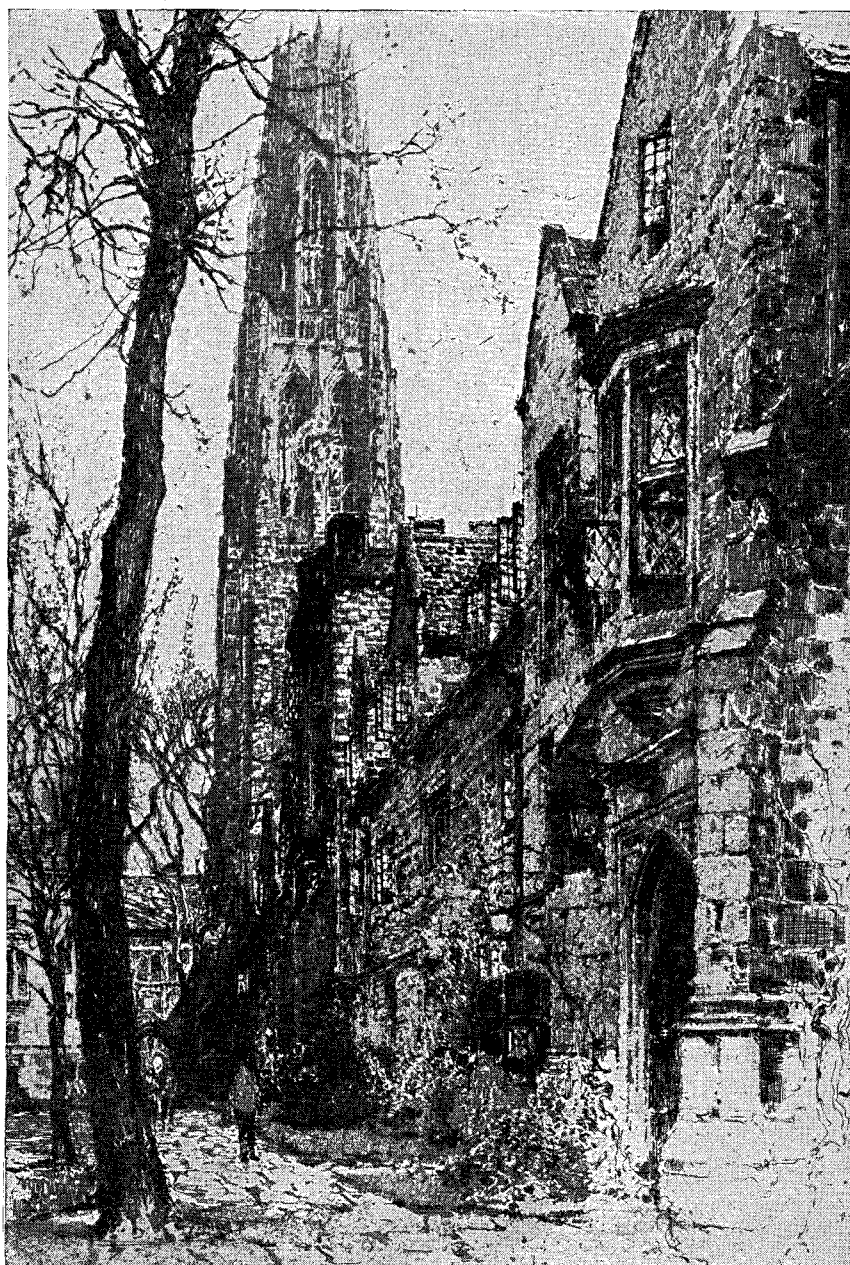
refuse to give him financial backing may be elected to none unless he has a reputation as an athlete or has influential friends among the fraternity's alumni. And the fraternities fix an individual's social status. Membership in some automatically brings invitations to all sorority dances and creates opportunities to meet the socially elect of the town. Membership in any sets the boy off from the non-fraternity man, who normally stands at the very bottom of the social scale.

Thus the whole system works in a vicious circle. The working boy often has no time to raise his social standing by taking part in extra-curricular activities, and even when he does have the time he is handicapped because the fraternities, which control most of the activities and all the politics, naturally covet the plums for their own members. Nor can the fraternities be given all the blame for the situation. In order to finance themselves and to protect their reputations on the campus they must have men who can eat in their dining rooms and can achieve distinction in college life. College life is no more and no less democratic than life in any other American community.

There are, of course, many healthy, thick-skinned youths, used to work from childhood, who endure the

four year grind without feeling the lack of social opportunities, extra-curricular activities, and leisure. There are others who, because of exceptional ability, can make passable grades, shine in athletics or journalism, and break through the usual social barriers. They are fortunate. But the less fortunate constitute the ma-

(Please Turn to Page 36)



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

HARKNESS HALL, YALE

Etching by L. Kasimir

regardless of financial standing or self-supporting activities." In the privately endowed institutions, however, particularly in the east, social lines are drawn with some rigidity. The more democratic the college, the louder money talks. The son of wealthy parents has no trouble making a "big" fraternity, while the son of poor parents or of parents who

>> The Stream of Business <<

>> Merger Bulletin No. 1234Y

R EPORTS of merger developments are not, as casual observers might think, dragged into "The Stream of Business" to fill up the page, or for any other ulterior motive. They crash their way in, week after week, because they are big news, and have a most important bearing on our business future.

Judged from the stock market point of view, the value of consolidations appears, at the moment, to have been somewhat over-rated. Stocks of ten industrials which figured in the merger epidemic of 1928 and 1929 show an average decline of 59.8% from the high levels of 1929. This is 20.5% worse than the Dow-Jones industrial stock averages for the same period.

Proposed steel and oil combinations still hold the top-of-column position, but the yeast is working in many other directions. At Youngstown the Bethlehem side of the argument is now being brought, out, with Newton D. Baker endeavoring to make Cyrus S. Eaton as conspicuous as Mr. Eaton's attorneys made Eugene G. Grace, and Judge Jenkins apparently disposed to permit Mr. Baker to do so.

The court decision in the Standard Oil (N. Y.)-Vacuum case may not be handed down for some time, but other large petroleum combinations are under way, including the Standards of New Jersey and California, and the huge Sinclair group. If pending oil mergers all go through, eight companies will control about 61% of the nation's total refining capacity. Standard of New Jersey and its affiliated companies will have 14.53% of the total capacity, and the Sinclair-Prairie-Tidewater Associated combination will be in second place with 7.68 per cent.

>> Ingenuity in Distribution

IN THE general upheaval in marketing methods, the familiar old argument "We have always done it that way" has been definitely scrapped. A public which falls easily into the way of buying lunches at drug stores, razor blades at cigar stores and packaged meats at the corner grocery shows no respect whatever for distribution methods whose chief claim for attention is based on their ancient and honorable historicity.

Resourcefulness has the call in to-

By FRANK A. FALL

day's selling. A good example is a western jobber of automobile equipment and accessories who has produced fine results from a fleet of service cars sell-

I N D I C E S

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 21—82.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 21—76.3.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended August 9—904,157 cars (reduction of 14,178 under preceding week and of 187,996 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended August 16—54.5% of capacity (reduction of 1.5% under preceding week and of 35.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended August 16—daily average gross 2,463,550 barrels (reduction of 16,800 under preceding week and of 478,000 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended August 16—3,136,000 bushels (increase of 1,024,000 over preceding week; reduction of 2,160,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended August 21—\$8,696,039,000 (reduction of 1.9% under preceding week and of 32.5% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended August 21—436 (reduction of 5 under preceding week; increase of 37 over same week of 1929).

ing direct to the trade about 25 major lines. These include storage batteries, bulbs, ignition cables, spark plugs, oil filters, piston rings, brake lining and small tools.

Reporting to the Department of Commerce, this enterprising jobber described his equipment, which consists of special bodies mounted on regular truck chassis and furnished with steel shelves and bins. The cars are operated by salesmen who formerly covered the territory. The salesmen make out duplicate invoices for all sales, leaving one copy with the customer and mailing the other to the central office, where a card inventory is kept for each truck.

Competitors who sell from catalog or sample, and who cannot give their customers immediate delivery, are going to have a tough time holding their own with this far-sighted jobber.

>> Pack Up Your Troubles

THE resiliency of American business, which has had something of a test during the past ten months, stands up remarkably well. So long as we can smile at our misfortunes, and apparently we can still do that, we are not completely licked.

One of the choicest bits of comic relief coming out of Wall Street was pro-

vided by a broker who remarked, during one of the market's June sinking spells, that "constructive forces are in the saddle but the saddle is not on the horse."

Another broker made the comment, which has a substantial basis of truth, that "what the stock market needs more than anything else is an early autumn."

Perhaps the broadest smile yet produced was enjoyed by radio listeners who were being informed and uplifted by one of our most popular and fastest speaking announcers. As had been his custom for several weeks, he was winding up his summary of news events with a Pollyanna conclusion in regard to business trends. Announcing that there had been, following a long series of increases in the stocks of refined copper in the hands of producers and refiners, another substantial increase, he triumphantly demanded "Does that sound like a business depression?" Unfortunately, as he was informed the next morning by at least one discriminating newspaper paragrapher, the correct answer seemed to be "Yes." But episodes like this add to the gaiety of nations, and we know of at least one nation which needs all the gaiety it can get right now.

>> Digging For Market Data

Marketing Investigations (Ronald \$5.00), by William J. Reilly, covers four phases of the problem indicated in the title,—preparing for the study; gathering the information in the field; interpreting the data; and presenting the material in adequate report form.

The author, who was formerly on the research staff of the Proctor & Gamble Company, is now connected with the Bureau of Business Research of the University of Texas, where he is associate professor of marketing, in charge of the Bureau's extensive marketing studies.

Dr. Reilly does well to take the point of view that more investigations in the marketing field should be made by impartial organizations. Those who have something to sell are sometimes so biased that an impartial treatment of the problems studied is scarcely to be expected. If the universities and government bureaus can be induced to increase their cruising radius in this field, the market manager will benefit greatly thereby.

British Polo Goes Yankee

By GEORGE TREVOR

CAN you picture Yale coaches and sympathizers actually worrying because they felt that the Harvard football eleven might not be strong enough to give Yale a hard match? Can you visualize them scanning the Harvard line-up and praying that the best candidates be selected for the Crimson varsity?

Well, something very like that anomalous situation prevails in polo. Ever since Captain Devereux Milburn's team recovered the Westchester Cup on English soil in 1921, American polo enthusiasts have been hoping against hope that Britain would pick an invading team which would adequately reflect English polo strength.

American post-war polo victories have been so one-sided—such foregone conclusions—that success brought scant satisfaction. There isn't a kick in a carload of such walkovers. The delicious tang of uncertainty has been missing.

While United States Polo Association officials are too well-bred to criticize the British personnel or to intimate that an invading side is outclassed, American polo followers have entertained the suspicion that social squabbles and internal politics have prevented England from putting her best four on Meadowbrook

turf since Cheape and Lockett led the dark blue shirted invaders to victory in 1914.

Where were Wing Commander Wise, John Traill and other British cracks when England was suffering humiliating defeats? They weren't on Long Island. Why they remained at home is a question that would be presumptuous for Americans to ask. It is, to speak bluntly, none of our business.

Foreigners who accuse Americans of a win-at-any-cost attitude might be interested to learn that every polo follower in this country is eager to have England display a formidable team in this week's international match. There isn't anything hypocritical in our attitude. We want to win, but we want a run for our money. Everybody is pleased that England has at last picked a four which seems worthy of Meadowbrook's mettle. Unless appearances are false, Lewis Lacey, Pat Roark, Gerald Balding, and Richard George should give Tommy Hitchcock's men their bellyful of fight.

A year ago, when Captain Tremayne, Major Phipps-Hornby and Major Atkinson were tentatively named

for the 1930 British side, an incongruous protest arose from American polo writers and critics. "Not good enough" was the burden of this unprecedented complaint.

Whereas Yale would chortle with glee if Harvard, through some perverse whim, happened to keep its stars on the bench and play second stringers in their stead, American opinion literally commanded England to discard players who had been found wanting when subjected to the merciless pace of Meadowbrook polo.

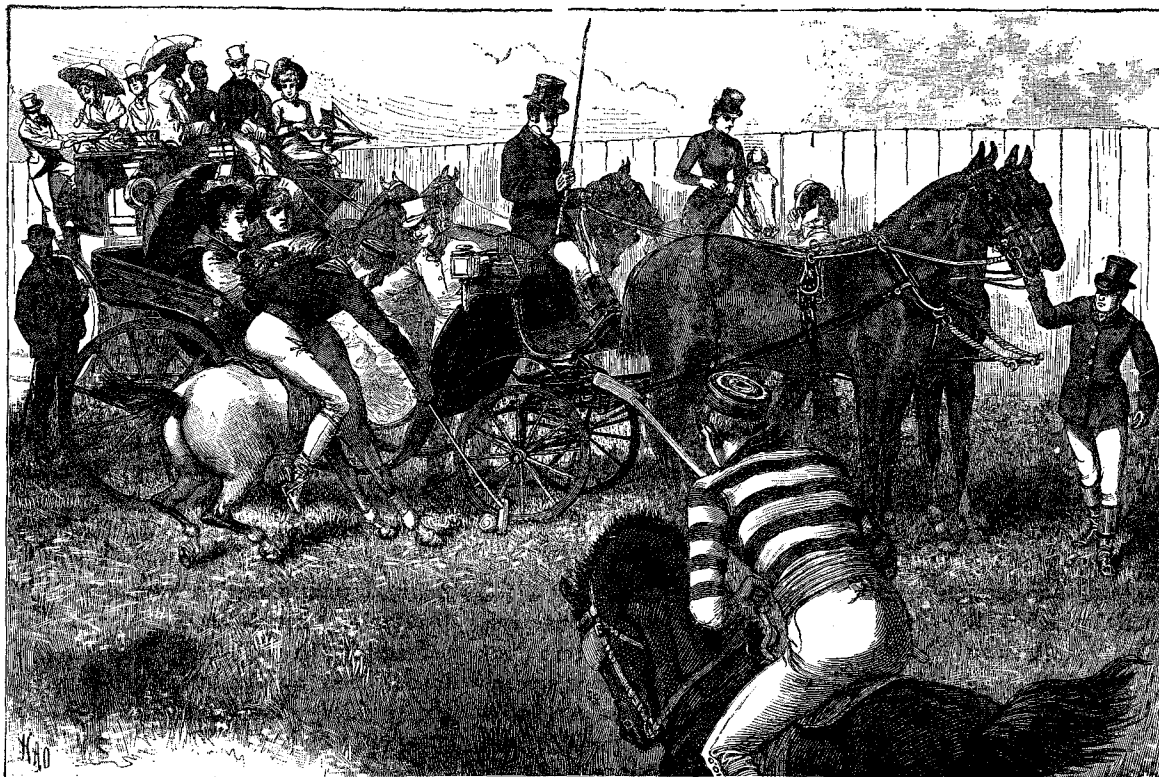
IT WAS as though we had said to our English cousins: "The men you've picked can't give us a good warm-up. Throw overboard your stodgy, outmoded ideas of combination play, based on short passes and feeding the ball forward from position to position. You'll never beat us with those mid-Victorian tactics. Choose a team of hard-riding, hard-hitting dare-devils who can play us at our own game of striking from the irons and long range slugging. By golly, we'll *make* you give us a rousing fight, if we have to pick your team for you!"

Did England resent this unsolicited, downright ill-mannered lecture from

her cocky Yankee cousins? Perhaps, but she swallowed her pride, took the scolding to heart, and actually did what we told her. Deep in their hearts, English polo leaders realized that American newspaper criticism was founded on fact.

If it is stretching truth to say that America picked the British team, it can justly be said that England selected only such players as had demonstrated their ability to play the slam bang American brand of polo.

Team Captain Tremayne unselfishly demoted himself to the rank of sub-



THE HAZARDS OF POLO AT NEWPORT IN 1883
From a contemporary edition of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper"

stitute, a move which required unusual moral courage since he had been shabbily treated by certain American sports writers and must have been terribly keen to vindicate himself as an international player.

Lewis Lacey, Canadian born member of the Argentine polo four, has been pressed into service at back. Pat Roark, dashing Irish mallet swinger, has been recruited to play number three. Gerald Balding, who makes his home in America and who perfected his game on Long Island fields, seems to have clinched the number two berth. Richard George, at number one, is the only representative of what might be called the "roastbeef and Yorkshire pudding" school of polo, and George distinguished himself as a goal-shot in a previous Meadowbrook test match.

If America loses the Westchester Cup she will have only herself to blame, for if ever a nation employed moral suasion to induce a rival to put its best foot foremost we Americans have done it now. While no polo prophet would be rash enough to predict defeat for a side that included Tommy Hitchcock, it can truthfully be said that this British team has a fighting chance to win. You couldn't have said as much for any of its post-war predecessors.

B RITAIN has been handicapped in picking its recent polo teams by the absence of that wealthy leisure class which devoted itself to sports before the War. As General Ricketts of the British polo committee points out, "ability on the polo field does not carry with it the capacity to buy suitable ponies nor the spare time to devote to so arduous a game."

Gone is the pre-war English squire who lived the life of a country gentleman and could indulge his fancy for outdoor sports. America now has both the money and the men to play a game that demands infinite practice and ex-



A GAME OF POLO ON THE POLO CLUB GROUNDS AT JEROME PARK, NEW YORK, IN 1876

From "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," June 24, 1876

pensive mounts. Until Lacey of the Argentine, Roark of Ireland and Balding of America (though a British citizen) were drafted for emergency service, England recruited its polo teams largely from army officers on active duty. Unhappily, the quality of British military polo has retrograded since the pre-war era of Lockett and Cheape.

Those who sit in the robin's-egg blue stands at Meadowbrook this week will see the most exciting of all athletic spectacles. What's more, it won't be necessary to be versed in the fine points of polo technique to get a kick out of what is really hockey played on horseback. Polo combines the patrician zest of horse racing with the plebeian thrill of old fashioned "shinny." Hockey in fact is polo on foot—for polo is by far the older game and, according to one theory, is also the great grandfather of golf.

Now and again you see some polo "authority" quoted to the effect that ponies constitute seventy per cent of a team's success. This is either bunk or tosh, depending upon your nationality.

Mount the Meadowbrook team on four very ordinary ponies and they would make mince meat of an average college quartet riding ponies of international caliber. The Hitchcocks and Pedleys would be outraced in long downfield dashes, but their hitting, position play, mallet handling and horsemanship

would discount the opposition's superior mounts. Of course you couldn't carry the thing too far. Even a Milburn would be out of luck on a dray horse.

IT is frequently true that when teams of approximately the same class meet, the issue hangs on the speed and intelligence of the ponies. England is not likely to be beaten by horseflesh this time, for Captain Kingscote has assembled the nippiest string ever to represent Britain on the polo field.

Keep your eye on Findennis, a handsome brown gelding, immensely powerful in the shoulder; White Slave, the tall Arab mare which won first prize at Olympia; Cross Stitch, the Irish-bred favorite of Pat Roark; and Guarani, the sixteen hands high Argentine pony which carried fiery Lewis Lacey through many a hard campaign.

America boasts a string worthy to match strides with the English ponies, though Tobiana, Hitchcock's vividly marked piebald, has been retired to the green pastures.

In discussing horseflesh, devotees of polo often display a scorn for the improved breed of animals, whose relative speed in flat races is the cause of much difference of opinion. They point out that the polo pony, necessarily a weight carrier, must have far more intelligence, handiness and stamina than the race horse.

►► Timing the Big Turn ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

HENRY FORD'S generalizations on economics, politics and history are seldom conspicuous examples of deep thinking and sound judgment, but on rare occasions he says something that is worth recording. He did this the other day when he remarked that "Business will become better, but we will not know when it does." There is nothing novel or sensational in this observation, but it is none the less deserving of repetition. The beginnings of any new trend, whether they be in trade and industry or in less tangible things like public opinion, are rarely seen and noted when they get their start. They have usually gone through a period of germination and early growth before they are discovered.

A cursory examination of the major swings of the business curve within the past decade will show how easy it is to be misled by appearances. In 1919-20 there was a furious rise in the prices of stocks and commodities, although it is now quite clear that the whole world was on the verge of a post-war readjustment and that the rise was without economic justification. By the middle of 1921 this readjustment had been completed, and the economic situation was far more healthy than it had been in the post-armistice period, but not within a generation had the outlook seemed so gloomy. We know now that the dawn of a new period of prosperity and industrial progress was at hand. In each instance the change in the trend occurred before the people were aware of it.

This was also true of the beginnings of the business recession about a year ago. We now know that in the midsummer of 1929 business conditions were becoming less and less favorable, but we did not know it then. In July, 1929, some of the current data gave signs of slackened production, but the changes were too slight to be regarded as of special significance, and many weeks were to pass before convincing evidence of a major reaction was available.

Some day the present recession will run its course, if it has not already done so. If business continues to behave according to habit, its upturn will come as stealthily as its down turn did last year. Whether it comes soon or late we shall not be sure of the change for the better until after the event.

Expert statisticians and forecasters, having at hand all the latest data of pro-

duction, car-loadings, check payments and other facts of more or less barometric significance, after refining the rough figures by adjustments for seasonal variations and normal growth, have been able to call the major turns in business accurately only about one time in four. Mr. Ford, therefore, ventured no rash prediction when he said that when business improves we may remain for a time wholly unaware of the improvement.

FOR VARIOUS reasons it is difficult to detect changes in the trend as they occur. In the first place, the changes do not take place in all lines of business at the same time. Some industries continue to sag after others are on the road to full recovery, and the gains of some may be canceled by the losses of others. As a rule, raw materials are the most sensitive to impending economic changes and finished goods the least. There was a time when pig-iron production was regarded as an excellent barometer for future business developments, but that was when industrial output and consumption were less changeable than they are today. It is still desirable for the business executive to keep an eye on pig-iron and other raw materials as a gauge of coming movements, but recent experience has demonstrated the fallibility of most of the accepted industrial barometers.

In the second place, although there has been great progress in this country in the compilation and use of business statistics, the available data still lack much of showing the whole range of business activity. Again, the changes in any one month are often so slight that several months must pass before their full meaning is understood. Finally, the published data necessarily follow the events and are compiled with varying degrees of promptness and thoroughness, and so when they begin to give clear evidence of a major change this change is already an accomplished fact.

This explains why the slight recession recorded by production indices in July, 1929, was not recognized at the time as the beginning of a major reaction. Indeed, as late as the following November many commentators were still assuring the country that the change was of minor consequence—a mere re-

flex from the slump in the stock market—and that the readjustment would be speedy. Even as late as March of this year some of the high officers of the Federal Government were prophesying that full resumption would come within sixty days, and it was not until that time limit had expired that the real significance of what had occurred seemed to be generally understood.

A review of these recent occurrences may help us better to understand where we now are. Past experience goes to show that recovery from depression usually begins at a time when most observers have ceased to hope for any early improvement. It also shows that panics and crises are lurking around the corner when speculative furor attains its peak and traders have convinced themselves that the merry jig will never end.

We have now reached that stage in which the professional sunshine-spreader, who for months has been telling us that there is a rainbow in the heavens, has become discouraged and has lapsed into silence. It is a good sign when people cease trying to bring about a business revival by mere talk. Just as the reaction of last year came when there was a widespread belief that we had entered a new economic era in which reversals were no longer possible, so the new upturn may get under way about the time when most people are persuaded that prosperity is away on an indefinite leave of absence.

The next big turn, of course, will be upward, but current statistics give no sign of its beginning. The business curve is farther below a computed normal line than it has been at any time since the recession began. For the immediate present that may seem discouraging, but as a promise of future improvement it is quite the reverse. The duration of sub-normal conditions is necessarily limited.

In view of the generally bad record of the business prophets, it may be well not to lay much store by their guesses at the time of the big turn. Some of them say that autumn will bring it; if they are right the foundations of the revival have already been laid. But others say that we are not yet through with the readjustment and that we must wait until 1931 for the upturn. When the experts cannot agree, the sensible attitude for the rest of us would seem to be one of preparedness and watchful waiting.

▶▶ The Leisure Arts ◀◀

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

William Howard Taft

TO ACHIEVE greatness is the primary and legitimate goal of every normal person; it is much to be doubted however whether any other feat or factor of modern life is so thoroughly misunderstood as greatness. The trouble lies not so much in confusing it with distinction or happiness as in being unable to recognize it when seen and, still worse, in fancying that it is where it isn't. To the multitudes, the M. D. who chances to have been appointed health commissioner is the greatest doctor in the whole place; he may in fact not be able to write a prescription for lassitude. The bishop is regarded by the crowds as the greatest man in the church, the governor of the state is viewed as nothing short of a miracle, the college president knows it all, etc. In a few striking cases these judgments are correct; in the majority they are not.

This game of appraising human greatness is and has been for the last decade most bewildering in Italy. Who is Mussolini? If he, single-handed, has been able to achieve what his champions claim for him, we are faced with one of two alternatives: He is so much greater than any other man that ever lived that it is unfair to call him a man when he is a god, or the Italian people, forty million of them, have been utter imbeciles, dumb, docile, and degenerate. Nobody with more than infantile mentality believes that either alternative is tenable.

Once in a long while a man comes forth, however, who achieves a type of greatness the genuineness of which no one can easily or safely deny. Such a man was Mr. Taft. We can therefore greet with pleasurable expectations Herbert S. Duffy's solid volume entitled *William Howard Taft* (Minton, Balch \$5). There are 32 chapters, 345 pages, 12 illustrations. It is a great big book

printed with broad margins and with the title stamped on the back in great big gold letters, thus correctly, if not artistically, symbolizing the grand, golden-hearted man whom it treats.

How are the multitudes going to take to this book? Not with the cordiality that spells numbers. They already know that Mr. Taft was one of our thirty-odd great men, for was he not one of our thirty-odd Presidents of the United States? But this is a studied volume

considered or construed as an official life of Mr. Taft." It is a study of Taft the student at Yale, the Solicitor General, the Federal Judge, the Governor General of the Philippines, the Secretary of War, the President of the United States, the Chief Justice. It is heavily documented from Mr. Taft's state papers and written without a shred of bias or hero-worshipping flapdoodle. The style is clear and easy, though it conflicts at times with the established usages of English grammar. The index is helpful, though it is not quite complete.

It is with books precisely as it is with baths: The right people don't use them. Those who tub daily are the ones who never did a dusty job and never came near a really dirty one. Those who are already over-sexed read sex books; those who are already steeped in political lore will devour this volume. It should be read by those whose ideas of greatness are not merely hazy but wholly wrong.

Mr. Taft was a great man. From this study emerges the familiar fact that the man never wanted to be, and never felt he was capable of being, but one thing: a lawyer and a judge—and if possible the Chief Justice. When asked to go to the Philippines he made it clear to the then President that he

knew nothing about that sort of work. Mr. Taft's three years out there were highly creditable ones, but this was due to his gigantic fund of common sense. The then President was convinced that Mr. Taft was the one and only man for the job. A clearer notion of greatness would have made it clear to the Chief Executive that there were then probably as many as a hundred thousand men who would have straightened out the Philippine entanglement just as well as Mr. Taft ever did, or claimed he did. When sent to Rome to confer with the Pope Mr. Taft offered less objection to the task for he always liked



KINKAJOU

Drawn by Keith Henderson for "The Purple Land" by W. H. Hudson (Dutton)

with a minimum of the human interest that holds the attention while the radio is blaring out something from Station KUKU, or enlightening the listeners with the virtues of a mop or a toothpaste. When Mr. Taft was in the Philippines he once wrote to Mr. Root that he was feeling fine, for he had just ridden high up a mountain on a trusted horse. Mr. Root cabled at once: "Yes, but how does the horse feel?" That is the nearest to a wisecrack in the entire volume.

This is not a volume of human interest. In his foreword Mr. Duffy states that this "is not in any way to be con-

to be on the go. It was his one unjudicial trait. When sent to Cuba he objected again, on the ground of his unfitness for such an undertaking. When besought to accept the Presidency of Yale, as successor to Timothy Dwight, he not only objected, he said he was utterly incapable of doing such work. This time his objections won out. He did not want to be President, but politics, which never did and never will appreciate true greatness, prevailed. He wanted to be Chief Justice. He became that, and was the success now known to the legal fraternity.

But if the volume throws no great flood of new light on Mr. Taft, it at least does this for some of his contemporaries. We are told that Mr. Roosevelt was merely playing with the public when he contended that he meant by a third term a third consecutive term. He is quoted as saying to his friend H. H. Kohlsaat that he would gladly cut off his right hand at the wrist if such thorough-going surgery would recall his 1904 statement to the effect that he could not run again, for he had had two terms in the White House. How these two Presidents later became reconciled is also cleared up, and entirely to the credit of Mr. Taft.

Mr. Duffy does injustice to William L. Wilson, the greatest political leader West Virginia has thus far produced, by referring to him merely as a man who had once been President of West Virginia University. William L. Wilson did hold that position for a brief period, and creditably, but it was one of the slightest honors, for reasons that have since been removed, that ever came to that distinctly great West Virginian. It is at the same time unfortunate that Mr. Duffy makes not a single reference to the prolonged effort to secure Mr. Taft as President of West Virginia University, an effort that failed for reasons that are as interesting as they are characteristic of the man. Nor does he throw a single ray of light on how Mr. Taft actually got along as Professor of Law at Yale.

The final chapter of the book, entitled "In Retrospect," should never have been written. In it Mr. Duffy makes a poor plea for Mr. Taft. He contends that, as time goes on and hates are forgotten, Mr. Taft will

stand out as one of our great men and particularly as one of our great Presidents. Of course he will; for there is not the slightest possibility of gainsaying the fact that Mr. Taft effected, while President, the enactment of a huge amount of useful legislation, and that he did it against what would have been for smaller men crushing opposition.

But we might as well make up our minds to it: The day of "great men" is rapidly vanishing if it has not already gone. We hear, by way of illustration from a non-political field, a plaintive cry for college presidents of the calibre of Eliot, Harper, et al. In the first place, their greatness was of then; this is now. And now, even the obscure colleges have men on their faculties who would have been wizards a half century ago. It is even so in politics. If one of our quite late Presidents pulled us through without actual shame, every community of ten thousand has in it at least one hundred men who could do likewise. Greatness, potentially viewed, is reassuringly common; but there are a mere handful of great positions. Mr. Taft held six of these. It was wise and timely of Mr. Duffy to rehearse the facts of them; about the future of his great man he need not worry. It was the very last thing that worried the great man himself.

There are two kinds of activities in which men may engage: the routine and the thrilling. In the world of books, for example, one man may retire to his study and write a volume on Homer's use of the aorist as a tense of the indeterminate past. That would be a perfectly respectable activity, and also a useful one, for Homer was the original of all men who tell tales. But there are people who regard such writing as a sheer waste of time and pulp. Fritjoff Michelson and Leon Byrne, on the other hand, boarded the "West Wanderer" up in the Columbia River, sailed to the Orient and back again to Portland, Oregon, in avowed search of thrills. Their experiences of four months they have recorded in *Ocean Parade* (Robert M. McBride \$3), with the subtitle

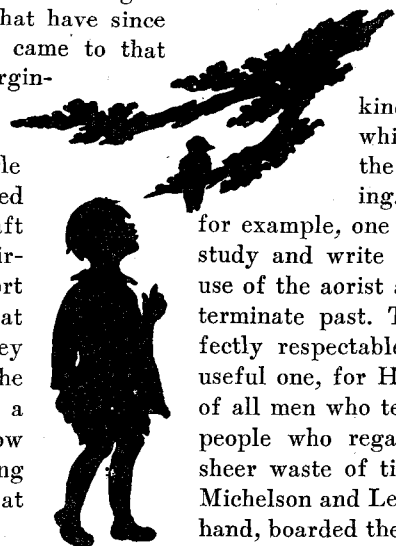
"Being a Tale of Hurricanes and Some Women, Good and Bad." In a preface they swear that every word is true, except the name of the ship, for the law of libel still obtains. The student of Homer would probably regard the en-



From
"The Pointed
People" written and illustrated
by Rachel Field (Macmillan)

tire book as so much bilge. He would be quite wrong. The authors, unlike the average run of salt scribes, have more than an average familiarity with great literature and have, through the channel of quotation, made happy use of it in their whoppers. That they came back alive is in itself a miracle. That they have thrown light, and the more light the better, on how sailors live when on shore leave in Chinese, Japanese, and Russian ports is the whole truth. It is only a pity that they felt obliged to doctor their twenty-seven chapters with what happened to some of the convoys on the way to the World War and with the deeds of Dewey in Manila Bay. For the best of reasons Homer stuck to his own crew. There is also some overwriting. "Carrying morsels to the molars" means merely "eating." Why did they not say that and leave the space for even more thrills? Any reader, routine or thrill-mad, takes kindlier to valor than to verbiage.

CHARLES G. HEDLUND, a Swede by birth, having become as familiar with the seven seas and South Africa as the average man is with his cellar or garage,



returned to Stockholm exactly one day before his thirtieth birthday, richer by thirty thousand Swedish crowns and incalculably wiser. He later moved to this country, became an American citizen, and settled down in New Jersey where he may be found at present an excellent machinist and a good man. It was there that Lewis Stanton Palen was fortunate enough to locate him. After some effort the writer persuaded the worker to talk. The result is *Water and Gold* (Dutton \$3). It is as good a sea yarn as Duttons have published since the death of Ibanez, and as telling a comment on the Boer War as has been released since that flashy day the ex-Kaiser sent his congratulatory telegram down there. The book substantiates a fact that some do not know and that others deny: The best stories are rarely told. How could Hedlund be expected to write with his triple tongue of unschooled Swedish, Boer-Dutch, and New Jersey English? But he had had the experience. Mr. Palen was wise in relating this experience in his own words. The water-half, relating to the sea, is gripping; the gold-half, that bearing on Hedlund's life in South Africa during the days of the Jameson Raid and the Boer War, is superlatively informative. Hedlund had first of all the good fortune to be befriended by Cecil Rhodes who was obviously as noble a soul as ever dug for diamonds; and the still better fortune to see at first hand precisely why England sent cargoes of splendid young men down there to shoot at and be shot by the Boers, who had been left alone by the home Government until they found something. The truth, like murder, will out. If only a few more Palens would go digging for a few more Hedlunds!

A. W. P.

Novels of the Week

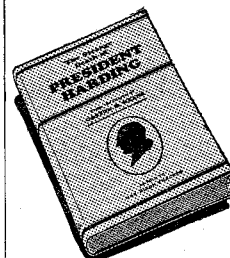
Dry as is the title of Elliot Paul's new book, *The Governor of Massachusetts* (Horace Liveright, \$2.00), this story of a New England manufacturer and his family has a mellow taste. Mr. Griffin, who has piled up a goodly fortune making organs, plans to divide his estate suitably among his five children and prepare himself for a few remaining years of peace. But a go-getter son-in-law, new to the community, forces upon Mr. Griffin the office of Lieutenant Governor of the state. In itself, this is more of an honor than a career. Mr. Griffin, whose simplicity has kept the path of his life clear of log-rolling and self-interest, accepts his election soberly and fulfills the duties in quiet faith. Suddenly, on the night of a blizzard, the

Governor dies. Mr. Griffin, his sore throat muffled in flannel, drives his geldings through the snow to the Boston State House to take over the governorship. Unqualified as he is, by any established precedent, for such a career, he finds himself bound to embark upon it. He falls into a morass of difficulties where graft, false publicity, and private scheming combine to shake him to the roots. At the same time, his children turn hostile to each other and clamor, behind his back, for a different distribution of property than he has planned. Mr. Griffin's last years for which he thought to pave the way to certain peace find him swung out of his staid orbit into pandemonium. The story of these years in the Griffin family is told by an elegant, lazy, young lawyer, fresh from Harvard, who, despite a predilection for private drinking and philosophic speculation, becomes against his will, the Governor's secretary and, equally against his will, falls in love with both the Governor's youngest daughter and a passionate, red-haired friend of hers. Seeing from his half-amused, half-resentful, yet wholly sympathetic view point, you have the twin advantages of being at once in the center of the emotional coil and on the speculative, outside edge. Mr. Paul has an eye for the rich detail in the lives of this Massachusetts family, their background, their home and their instincts. But more important than his pricked-out pattern of people and their ways is his perspective on a period of American development. He shows you the drift of our progress along certain lines and of our blind erring along others. He contrasts for your benefit the dignity of a few simple traditions with the unrestrained vital forces of ambition. He gives you a full length portrait of the American gentleman, as he conceives him, and puts him at the mercy of the current materialism. Then, with neat irony and with a fastidious flair, he proceeds to uphold the breeding in which he believes. The form of the book is elastic enough to make room for what might otherwise seem like editorial intrusions of opinion. Its substance is the stuff of our life in this country, crude, adventurous and lusty.

Stories of sad sweet undistinguished lives in English country villages seem to abound. Some of them trickle a watery sentiment; others eke out a restrained flow of emotion. *The Rector's Daughter* by F. M. Mayor, (Coward-McCann \$1.50) manages to reveal a certain pent-up sensitivity beneath the restrictions of the life it describes. Mary Jocelyn, the daughter of a fastidiously intellectual, hide-bound canon, lives out her forty frustrated years in a village.

"There may be some EXCUSE for other men to be unfaithful to their wives—but"

THE pathos of a woman suffering the pangs of a man's indiscretion—and irreparable breach in the marital vow—political disaster, like so much debris crashing down on national heads and taking its toll of human life—ingloriously. All this and more revealed. This book must, for many good reasons find a permanent place in every intelligent American home and will be referred to as is a valuable text book on many occasions.



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WHAT THE CRITICS HAVE TO SAY

"There is nothing in it which is inherently improbable. The men surrounding Warren Harding were of such a character that some of them, at least, could have done everything of which Means accuses them . . . it explains, I think, why so many people are reading these revelations."
—BRUCE BLIVEN, *Saturday Review of Literature*.

"I read it in one sitting. It is an absorbing story, with more suspense than the average detective story achieves."
—HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN.

"Mr. Means' picture of Mrs. Harding is a masterpiece, whether we take it as a true or an imaginary portrait. It is a cross between Lady Macbeth and Mrs. Annie Besant. His sketch of President Harding is a piece out of the inferno."
—ROBERT MORSE LOVETT, *New Republic*.

"Meanwhile 'The Strange Death of President Harding' may be earnestly recommended to our college instructors in political science, civics and history, as a suggestive basis for a realistic approach to their subjects. Every American ought to read this book. National pride and patriotism calls for a corresponding hope that none but Americans will read it."
—ERNEST GRUENING, *Portland Eve. News*.

"These things should not be allowed to happen again, and with this much evidence before us, there should be a way to prevent their calamitous repetition."
—ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD, *The Outlook*.

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THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING

From the Diaries of
GASTON B. MEANS
as told to
MAY DIXON THACKER

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Her father has many prejudices along with his rare culture, one of which is a horror of expressed feeling. Her mother and her invalid sister having died, Mary finds no outlet save in the embarrassing affection of Cook and the phlegmatic triviality of a spinster named Dora, until the appearance of a comely new parson in the community stirs her to fond fancies. For a time this gentleman, Mr. Herbert, shows marked leanings toward Mary's companionship. Then, quite suddenly, he surprises both himself and the canon's daughter by marrying a beautiful, horsey girl from one of the county families. Two years of domesticity bring a breach between Mr. Herbert and his harum-scarum bride. While she is off on a holiday, he has a moment of stricken aberration in which he admits his unhappiness to Mary and kisses her. On the heels of this kiss which both of them feel to be a heinous offense against the Lord, Mrs. Herbert comes back from her holiday with her beauty demolished by an operation on her mouth. This restores her husband's balance and his affection to his legal ties. Once more Mary faces her lonely frustration and this time it is forever. That Miss Mayor has been able to make a story out of a life in which all the climaxes are anti-climaxes is certainly proof of her writing. You may be tempted to feel impatient of Mary's *gaucheries*, of the canon's limitations, of the petty round to their days, and above all of the unimportance of such lives in the face of the universe around you. But the author's close handiwork in detail and her delicate hints at the tumult behind these people's careful, unquestioned conventionality take their hold upon you. Almost resentfully you share in the gentle tedium which is the lot of the community. Almost against your will you offer these people your condolences. The book deals with a pace of life so measured, so timeless, so off the modern beat, that its ability to awake reactions, as you read it, bears witness to the writer's honesty and to her insight as a reflector of the society she knows.

V. P. R.

Behind the Blurbs

THIS young William J. Marsh, whose biography of Hoover has received a great deal too much publicity lately, seems to us to be in a fair way to be thoroughly and completely spoiled by his misguided elders. Now he's in Jordan Marsh's store in Boston, autographing copies of his book, giving demonstrations of printing with his hand press, and graciously shaking hands with the curious. ❖❖❖ V. Sackville-West's *The*

Edwardians is the Literary Guild's September offering, while the Book of the Month Club fires salutes in honor of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes*. The Free Thought Book Club ennobles Major Joseph Wheless' *Forgery in Christianity*, and the Crime Club points with pride to John Stephen Strange's *The Strangler Fig*. ❖❖❖ "Concise, but pretty elementary," says the Outlook's backgammon expert of Elizabeth Clark Boyden's textbook on that game, entitled *The New Backgammon*¹. ❖❖❖ A straightforward simplicity characterizes the animal fables in *Folk Tales of a Savage*², which the author, Lobagola, has written down as he remembers having heard them told about the fires in his West African childhood. To tell the truth, to help the unfortunate, to avoid hatred, malice and uncharitableness—these are the morals taught by the adventures of the beasts and birds and reptiles of the stories. They are tales of a savage, but they are not savage tales. The many illustrations by Erick Berry pleasantly supplement the text. ❖❖❖ A delightful little book is Thomas Burke's *The English Inn*³, another of the small volumes in the English Heritage Series. Frequently inconsistent, but leave that aside, for a book on English inns should be inconsistent. Merely the names of a few inns will give you the flavor of the book: The Man in the Moon, The Foaming Jug, No Hurry, The Sea Horse, The Ship and Turtle, The Black Boy and Stomach-Ache, The Razor and Hen, The Quiet Woman, The Cat and Bagpipes—and best name of all, as Mr. Burke points out, The Open Arms. Mr. Burke knows his inns, and he will make you want to know them too. ❖❖❖ One of the three Colonel G.'s appears again in *The Four Armourers*⁴—Col. Granby, whose adventures, if you have followed our advice, you have pursued through a number of stories. In this one he tries to assist Hazelrig, an American plutocrat, to get hold of a secret formula for a gas which will end all war. Hazelrig wants to present it to the League of Nations, but there are four big armament mfgs. after it too, and there's very little they'll stop at in their efforts to get it. But Col. G., with the help of his friend Baxter and the charming Julia Hazelrig, succeed in turning, as they say, the trick. Unfortunately, in the course of events,

the Col. goes and gets engaged. This is a mistake. Sentiment is not in the gallant Col.'s line. But we recommend it highly. ❖❖❖ We wish to announce as our discovery for the year, John Still's *The Jungle Tide*⁴. We suppose it's "nature stuff," but it's so much more than one of those hush-of-the-forest, dawn-from-the-hilltop books—pleasant as those sometimes are—that there's no comparison. Nor is it the adventures of a traveling photographer. Aside from the book itself, we know nothing about the author except that he has lived for many years in Ceylon. But if he had lived there only one year he would have seen more than most men in a lifetime. He tells you of ancient Sinhalese cities, buried in the jungle, of experiments in snake-charming and domesticating leopards, of jungle gipsies, of plants and animals and men, all in a simple, flexible style as clear as Hudson's, but with a tingle in it that Hudson lacks. And there's plenty of adventure, too. Even if you never read a book, keep it in mind, for it's a sure fire gift for anybody next Christmas. ❖❖❖ *El Goes South*⁵ is the story of the Troutwines, a Chicago family. Lester, head of the clan, is claim correspondent in a department store, and the best pages of the book deal with the Christmas rush in Hirschfield's. Lester's remarriage to the widow of a detective, the activities of his four children, and the unnecessary tragedy, seem less important, though they are all real people—slangy, rather hardboiled and a little pathetic. The clang and roar of Chicago rapid transit zigzags across the background of their lives. ❖❖❖ A book dealing with the same period but from an entirely different point of view is *The Elizabethan Underworld*⁶. Amateurs of crime should not pass this one by, for it is an anthology of Sixteenth Century ballads and pamphlets which paint a vivid picture of the lawlessness of the time,—a lawlessness due to unemployment, which was more serious in those days than it is now. Here are all the tricks of confidence men and crooks, the lives of several of them, the methods and manners and customs of the upright-men, priggers, doxies, cozeners, morts and other vagabonds. The robust and picturesque prose of the pamphleteers has been somewhat modernized for easier reading, but not so much as to lose its flavor. A most unusual and interesting book.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: *The Four Armourers*, by Francis Beeding: Little Brown.
 Novel: *The Governor of Massachusetts*, by Elliot Paul: Horace Liveright.
 Biography: *William Howard Taft*, by Herbert S. Duffy: Minton, Balch.
 Miscellaneous: *The Jungle Tide*, by John Still: Houghton Mifflin.

1. Harcourt Brace, \$1.50.
2. Longmans, \$1.40.
3. By Francis Beeding: Little Brown, \$2.00.
4. Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.00.
5. By MacKinlay Kantor: Coward McCann, \$2.00.
6. A. V. Judges: Dutton, \$6.00.

Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

DURING the decade since the War the great word in both popular and scientific thought has been, "Psychology." Much solid work in exploring the human mind has unquestionably been done but unfortunately this new science has been beset behind and before with fads and faddism. It was inevitable that all this should have its repercussions in the field of religion where to some this modern science has seemed to negate religion and to reveal its hopes and aspirations as childish illusions. How lopsided such a view is and how far from the established facts, is shown by Leslie D. Weatherhead in, *Psychology in Service of the Soul* (Macmillan). Here is a straight forward acceptance of what a scientific psychology can teach us with practicable suggestions of how to make these new facts add to the richness of life.

In *Religion and Conduct* (The Abingdon Press) we have the report of the conference held on this subject at Northwestern University about a year ago. Here again the influence of modern psychology is strongly marked. Some of the ablest leaders in the religious and educational fields discuss the basic question as to, "whether religion as we interpret, teach and practice it today is capable of motivating life?" They do not agree in their answers to this question but they come to grips with the real problems which religion must face in this modern era. The various papers and discussions of this book will be of intense interest to all those who are alive to the importance of religious education. Also it is significant that some of the papers reveal an interest in what shall be taught as well as how it shall be taught. It is gratifying that there is at last the recognition that true religious education is more than a method, that it also implies a body of fact. This book deserves careful reading by all those interested in the modern approach of the Church to its problem of training its youth to live the life of the spirit in a world of mammon. This is a difficult problem; it will not be settled by one conference or by several. It will demand much patient observation and analysis. One of the most careful statements of the issues involved is found in a new book, *Objectives in Religious Education* by Paul H. Vieth, Director of Research and Service of the International Council of Religious Education. (Harper.) Dr. Vieth has made himself thoroughly familiar with the literature of

religious education and he has analyzed this modern movement with real skill. To some his analysis may appear a bit narrow for he limits the term religious education to Christian education. But he is perfectly frank about this and such an approach has the value of making more definite a name which has become somewhat vague. Again it is significant that to this author also there has come the conviction that religious education has to do with an interpretation of the universe itself. It is refreshing to find that the fear of indoctrination which has so obsessed workers in this field for a number of years does not prevent this author from quoting with approval the words of Luther A. Weigle of Yale that, "... it is the supreme function of religious education so to reveal the universe to children that they shall understand that beneath them and about them there is the loving purpose and power of God." This is one of the most complete statements of the objectives of religious education and the trends within this field which has yet appeared. It deserves careful reading by religious leaders and the laymen who study it will be better able to appraise what is being done in this important field. But this subject is closely linked to the field of general education and the principles which underlie them are so nearly identical that any earnest seeker after the truth about religious education will do well to read a little book by John Dewey, called *The Sources of a Science of Education*. (Liveright.) In this book this well known philosopher tells with unusual clarity just how one should approach the field of education and what he should expect from the educational process.

But more than Church schools are concerned with religious education. Scientific findings thoroughly agree with common sense in asserting the importance of the home in the religious training of the child. There inevitably arises in the heart of every religious parent the question, "What shall I teach my Child about Religion?" *The Child's Approach to Religion* by the Rev. H. W. Fox (Richard R. Smith Inc.) is one of the best answers to the what and the how, from the Christian standpoint, which we have seen. It assumes modern science and modern psychology but a science and a psychology which have not lost the deepest religious insights. It abounds in practical suggestions to the parents who face this problem.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., Denver; TEOLIN PILLOT CO., Houston; PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON CO., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

Fiction

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton, Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2.

Parties, by Carl Van Vechten: Knopf. Life in New York through an alcoholic haze. Reviewed August 20.

The Young and Secret, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Charming, light romance in London setting. Reviewed July 2.

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. Will be reviewed next week.

Exit, by Harold Bell Wright: Appleton. Admirers of Mr. Wright will probably like this one. Reviewed August 13.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining portrait of the President, as revealed in fifty years of intimate association.

Lone Cowboy, by Will James: Scribner. A stimulating tale of varied adventures in the cow country; particularly noteworthy for its descriptions of horses. Reviewed August 20.

The Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Company. A volume of overwhelming revelation. Reviewed August 27.

Humanity Uprooted, by Maurice Hindus: Cape & Smith. A faithful and consistent account of contemporary Russia and its people. Reviewed November 20.



Magazine Articles Recommended

The New Stage Fright: Talking Pictures, by Louise Closser Hale. Harper's, September.

This is a first hand account from the typewriter of a famous American actress of how participation in talking pictures affects veteran actors of the legitimate stage. Her initiation into the talkies is a tragi-comedy of frustration. Long experience and great talent seem to count for nothing when the "mike" hangs like the sword of Damocles over the lonely performer's head. The intricacy, inconsistency, and extravagance of picture making amaze and bewilder stars of the stage. The Great Silence, as the author puts it, is terrifying. "There is no one to cling to. We are utterly and entirely on our own. The handkerchief of the director drops and we begin to speak. We speak. What turned us from pollywogs into these creatures on shaky legs, the desire to accomplish, urges us on."

Irishmen After Eight Years of Independence, by Alexander Reynolds. Current History, September.

Now that the tumult and the shouting in Ireland has largely died away, Mr. Reynolds inquires into the results of her hard won freedom. Although Irish cities have been scrubbed, refurbished, and modernized and although "the old description of the Irish as a pleasant people on a fertile soil fighting like fiends for friendship's sake and hating each other for the love of God no longer applies, Ould Ireland is still Ould Ireland. The frequency with which one is assured that the government is ruining the country is very reminding of the days that are gone. It is really but a natural expression of the race's invincible antagonism to constituted authority. The fact that grievances can no longer be ascribed to British stupidity probably makes it all the harder to bear."

►► The Movies ◀◀

►► "Romance"

GRETA GARBO'S second talking film reveals her as a good deal more than a beautiful and glamorous personality—she is a tremendously fine actress—easy, honest and natural—and all this in spite of a stilted and old-fashioned play and an accent as thick as a ship's hawser. Another difficulty with this accent is that Greta plays the part of the fascinating Madame Cavallini, an Italian opera singer visiting New York in the 1890's—and our Garbo's accent is undoubtedly and undeniably Swedish! But as far as performance is concerned I think there will be little doubt that *Romance* is a notable moment in Garbo's career. She is no longer afraid of the microphone—she talks easily—and she almost, but not quite, makes Edward Sheldon's heavily sentimental play (in which Doris Keane starred many years ago) seem to be a good play. This rather gluey drama tells of the infatuation of a very prim and priggish young cleric of New York for a visiting Italian opera star. The period is about 1890 when no proper gentleman will take his wife to a reception if he knows there will be "an actress" present. As a matter of fact the opera singer confesses to a number of lovers during her career, notably Lewis Stone, her host at the New York reception. The piece is full of pretty speeches about life going on and on and on and soliloquies on the nature of love—which would be outrageously boring but for the presence of Greta Garbo, now dressed in crinolines and ringlets. The young minister is played by Gavin Gordon—a thankless part if ever there was one.

Miss Garbo's tremendous improvement since *Anna Christie* brings to mind the rumor that the Swedish actress is weary of the movie trash she has been appearing in and is looking frantically for a stage play. If she can only work off some of that accent I think she will be a big hit.

►► "Old English"

If the movie industry reaches round and slaps itself on the back because of having photographed Mr. John Galsworthy's play with George Arliss in the leading rôle—don't you pay any attention. *Old English* is the same expert and engrossing characterization it was on the stage, but the motion picture has contributed nothing whatever to the production. To be brutal, this is simply a

By CREIGHTON PEET

canned play—with nothing lost—but certainly with nothing gained. Its only advantage is a mechanical one—it is cheaper and it can play in a hundred remote towns all on the same night.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Unquestionably the finest war film ever made.
The Big House: Life in a penitentiary with Wallace Beery doing a lot of growling and shooting.
Good Intentions: A smooth crook story with Edmund Lowe.
Grumpy: Cyril Maude in the same play you saw when you were so-high.
Hell's Angels: Spectacular air pictures featuring a burning Zeppelin and hundreds of planes. Unfortunately the plot and acting are terrible. Total cost, \$4,000,000, if this means anything.
Holiday: Ann Harding in a refreshingly literate and intelligent comedy.
Journey's End: A film of the British war play which is quite as good as the original.
Moby Dick: John Barrymore is again chasing his white whale, this time with sound. Pretty fair.

For Ladies Who Cry Easily

Common Clay: Constance Bennett denounces the idle rich—this antique melodrama attracted over six hundred thousand people in four weeks at the Roxy in New York.
Our Blushing Brides: Can we girls have love without marriage?
Eyes of the World: Old fashioned Harold Bell Wright, with more socks at the idle rich.

Having spoken my piece I must also say that *Old English* is one of the finest screen entertainments of the year, and that Mr. Arliss is quite as grand as ever. In *Old English*, you remember, he portrays a hard-dealing, hard-living old British merchant prince whose illegitimate grand-children return to cheer and enliven his last days. In order to provide for them financially he promotes a slightly irregular business deal—and when he is found out he sits down to a



Warner

"OLD ENGLISH"

George Arliss brings another of his stage successes to the screen

magnificent dinner with champagne, port and brandy—which are too much for his health and cost him his life. The rest of the cast are good enough, but *Old English* is pretty much a one man show.

►► "Anybody's Woman"

Paramount has come out definitely in favor of electric fans. No particular make, you understand, just any electric fans. Perhaps you never realized how important electric fans could be in incubating, nurturing, and reviving romances, but after you have seen Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook in *Anybody's Woman* wafting bits of conversation at each other across apartment air-wells by means of said electric fans, you will understand.

Now oddly enough, in spite of all these mechanical gadgets and silly contrivances, Ruth Chatterton gives a splendid, honest and often moving characterization. She appears as Pansy, a slovenly, loud-mouthed blonde chorus girl out of a job who becomes very shrill when she drinks too much—and she frequently does drink too much. Clive Brook, a hard-drinking man-about-town who has just been divorced by his wife, wakes up one morning and finds himself married to the hard-eyed Pansy—and instead of turning out to be a lovely unblemished flower of womanhood, she retains her loud speeches, and her interest in an excess of liquor.

Why Miss Chatterton was mixed up with an electric fan I can't say. Anyway, whatever crimes her authors and directors may have committed, she has done her best to make *Anybody's Woman* a reasonable film.

►► An "Informal" Banquet

In a short film now showing in all Warner theatres you may see and hear the Silver Jubilee celebration of the Warner studios. The screen opens on an "informal" banquet table at which about fifty Warner employees are sitting, lustily cheering their boss and singing theme songs in praise of the good old Warner organization. And who do you suppose play the rôles of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Brothers Pictures in this touching pageant? Why, no other than Otis Skinner and Beryl Mercer. And who do you suppose their child is? Why, Little Miss Vitaphone, a golden-haired tot who gives us a good long sales talk about the forthcoming Warner Brothers pictures.

▷▷ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◁◁

By W. R. BROOKS

THE snapshots we take are almost invariably remarkable feats of compression, since each film contains at least three exposures, owing to our inability to remember to wind the instrument up after each shot. They are not, however, of great interest. Now comes a camera which will make it easier to avoid making involuntary composite pictures of your wife, your dog and the Taj Mahal. The Ansco Memo will give you fifty snapshots at a penny a shot, and you just point and shoot, and after each shot, instead of winding, you punch a little lever which changes the film.

AND speaking of cameras, there's a new Ciné-Kodak model which takes black and white, kodacolor, and telephoto movies, and weighs only a little over three and one-half pounds.

WE'RE a little late with this item, but in case you are still on the beach, we recommend the Beach Roll, which is a lounging mat that curves up around the back of your head on a metal framework to protect you from the sun, and includes an inflatable air cushion. This latter when deflated becomes the bag in which the roll can be packed up.

WE HAVE seen a reproduction of the kind of weather glass used aboard the old clipper ships, which is said to be the most sensitive barometer you can have. It is a glass container with a long spout, and hangs on a hook. When you have filled it with water, in which you put a few drops of colored ink to make it easier to see, the water in the spout will indicate a spell of bad weather by rising.

IF YOUR dog goes traveling when you do, you can get him a tan leather suitcase which contains everything necessary for his week end—toys, towels, brush and comb, biscuits, saucer, et cetera.

THREE good closet units for the small apartment dweller—that is, the dweller in a small apartment: set of three open, slanting shelves for shoes; set of three drawers; set of two shelves for hats, with two doors. Each set 24 inches high, 14 inches deep, 22 inches wide.

FROM cubes to tubes beef bouillon has evolved. For 25 cents you can buy your bouillon in heavy collapsible tin

tubes which protect the flavor and keep the contents from evaporating or drying up—whichever it is that cubes do.

THE Add-a-Shower is a shower-bath equipment which is either attached to or replaces the existing faucet, and can be attached with a screwdriver.

IF YOU'RE not a sworn foe to paper napkins, we know where you can get very good looking ones in five designs: pastoral, homespun, checkered, dimity and polka-dot—the two last with scalloped edges. In rose, green, yellow or blue. A dollar for fifty of the small size—9 by 9 inches, and a dollar and a quarter for fifty luncheon size.

IF YOUR doormat is ragged and the mud gets tracked in over your best Bokhara, get one of those Wearproof mats, made of heavy links of felt soaked in asphaltum and joined by strong brass links. Stays flat and measures 18 by 35 inches.

THE Utilitable is a portable kitchen cabinet with space for storage, surface for working, and a table with seats for dining, supping, or whatever there is in the icebox. The table is hidden in the front center, and the seats fold away at each end. It requires only 18 by 36 inches floor room.

IF YOU'RE sick of shining up the family silver every few days, there's a tarnish-proof silver container which will save elbow grease. It's square and has room for from 100 to 200 pieces. It's name is the Silverseal.

RUNS in stockings may be stopped in their tracks by application of one drop of a liquid called RuNoMor, so we are informed.

AND if you want to be a little extra hoity-toity on the courts, you can have the strings of your tennis racquet dyed to match your costume. Also the handle, cover and press. Spalding will attend to it for you.

AN as yet unsung benefactor to the human race is the man we have heard of who has invented a new hot dog roll, which requires no splitting, but has a groove in the top into which the frankfurter neatly fits. It is said to make it easier to keep the mustard on the hot dog and off the chin.

WATCH YOUR HUSBAND



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►► In This Issue ◀◀

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH whose solution of the prohibition problem is discussed in this issue of the Outlook and Independent is a member of the American and New York State Bar Associations, the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and a trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. In 1926 he appeared as counsel before the Supreme Court in the Lambert case. Mr. Auerbach is also the author of several books including a life of Theodore Roosevelt.

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN is a member of the staff of the Washington News and is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

HARRY SALPETER is assistant literary editor of the New York World. Mr. Salpeter is also author of a biography of Samuel Johnson, and a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent.

RAYMOND F. HOWES is a graduate of Cornell and the University of Pittsburgh and was formerly a member of the faculty at the latter university. Mr. Howes is now assistant professor of English and director of forensics at Washington University.

►► Next Week ◀◀

Faithful Fess, by Ray T. Tucker.

To succeed to the position of Chairman of the Republican National Committee, recently vacated by Claudius Huston, President Hoover has selected Simeon D. Fess, Senator from Ohio. As National Chairman, Senator Fess's chief job will be the reelection of President Hoover. It would, accordingly, seem reasonable to find a long standing friendship existing between these two. This, however, the author reports, in spite of their present amity, is not the case. Prior to the convention which nominated Hoover, Senator Fess put himself on record as saying, "The Republican party cannot accept an internationalist as its standard bearer. It will demand a leader whose Americanism is not in question and whose political views are not a matter for speculation." Mr. Tucker describes the career and personality of the Senator from Ohio.

The Ozarks Go Native, by William R. Draper.

With the completion of ten hydro-electric projects in Missouri and Arkansas, the author asserts, these states will be enriched by at least two hundred million dollars of added wealth. There is no question as to the feasibility or value of these projects which will make hundreds of thousands of horsepower available. Nevertheless the natives are opposed to them and have done everything possible to resist the march of progress into the Ozarks. The projects, however, are going forward. Progress is not to be gainsaid, Mr. Draper reports, even if some of the stubborn land owners are drowned in the lakes created by the new water power developments.

An Englishman Looks at American Women, by Alec Waugh.

Although American women are more fascinating to Englishmen than those of any other nationality, the author admits that he would be afraid to marry one of them. The chief reason is that he is unused to the American woman's independence. English women are dependent on their husbands economically and have no intention of working after marriage. Many American women, on the other hand, continue their independent careers after marriage. Mr. Waugh is not certain, in such cases, where the American husband "comes in." He has, however, another reason to beware of marriage with an American. "I suppose," he concludes, "that it really comes to this: that I should be nervous of marrying an American woman because I should be afraid of making her a bad husband."

The Cradle of Prohibition, by Arthur C. Bartlett.

As Maine goes, so goes the Nation. The State's motto is *Dirigo—I lead*. It is not, accordingly, strange to learn that Maine passed its first prohibition law in 1846 and, with one brief interlude, has been dry ever since. Nor is it strange to discover that Maine knows all about prohibition's attendant evils. Bootleggers, rum-runners, wet-drinking, dry-voting Congressmen, leaky suitcases, all are familiar to Maine. There is, however, one point in which the nation will do well not to follow Maine's lead. Years of prohibition, Mr. Bartlett reports, have taught the inhabitants to combine a maximum of authority with a minimum of liquid in their drinking. As a result the common beverage, the as it were *vin du pays* is— heaven help us—straight alcohol.

►► The Theatre ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

REGULAR patrons of the Leisure Arts Department who are observant as well as persevering may notice a new name above. This is by way of warning them that it belongs to a new commentator on the New York theatre. As, in spite of Mr. Belasco's matriculation speech in which the 1930-31 season was officially declared open on August 5, I cannot bring myself to consider anything very seriously that comes to town much before Labor Day, I will refrain from detailed criticism of *Dancing Partner* and will try to give our readers some idea of what to expect from me in the future.

In the first place, I should like it understood that I lay claim to no deep or esoteric knowledge of the theatre. All I aim to do is to supply some sort of yardstick or measure by which readers may judge what kind of play any given offering is. I am quite aware that I shall often be as wrong as the next man—probably wronger—but I shall conscientiously try to be right or wrong with a certain amount of consistency.

But the one thing of which I hope never to be accused is being unprejudiced. I am very prejudiced, and it is only by giving clear expression to my prejudices that I venture to think I may give our readers some means of deciding for themselves whether they wish to see any play reviewed in these columns.

To give you an idea of the sort of thing I mean, perhaps it might be as well to enumerate a few of my more violent predispositions. For example,

I don't consider either Ina Claire or Miriam Hopkins a good actress, but I take great pleasure in seeing anything in which either of these attractive ladies appears. They seem always to be Ina Claire and Miriam Hopkins, no matter what the piece may be, but so delightful do I find their personalities that I would be the last person in the world to complain of their refusal to submerge their natures in any parts that

mere playwrights might concoct for them.

Whenever I set out for a production of the Messrs. Shubert I am prepared to sit through something in bad taste with the humor, if any, and the acting laid on with a steam shovel. If it's a musical I expect a continental operetta adapted so that the point of the original is obliterated, or if it's a revue a spectacular exhibition of gilt, tinsel and the cloak and suit maker's art, with probably one or two pretty good tunes and certainly a couple of very funny graduates of vaudeville or burlesque doing the same excellent acts for \$6.60 box-office price that they have been doing for ten or fifteen years on the Orpheum or Columbia circuits at \$1.65 top. Going in that frame of mind, I am the first to admit the excellence of something like *Topaze* with which I was startled and pleased last winter.

From Arthur Hopkins I have been led to expect amusing and intelligent scripts produced and acted in rather casual fashion in tasteful settings; from David Belasco, "good theatre;" and from Jed Harris the most satisfactory combination of art and the commercial stage—whatever they may be.

Jazz music has bored me for a long time, but I still prefer it to most European modes of light music which are even more outworn. I hope some day to hear Cole Porter's lyrics sung with the clear diction that is wasted on the forced humor of all the songs in the current *Garrick Gaieties* except the superbly satirical Johnny Wanamaker number.

And that should be enough to indicate approximately what you may expect in the way of opinionated criticism. I shall not deliberately try either to please or to annoy any one, but simply to write about plays as they strike me. Trite as that may sound it seems to me to be the most obvious function of a critic, but one which is far too often completely lost sight of. And I hope we shall all get along even if I continue to exercise that function.

Guide to Current Shows

Strictly Dishonorable: There still isn't a better acted frivolous comedy in town.

The First Mrs. Fraser: Thoroughly obvious routine English drawing-room play. The leading parts are played well.

Topaze: Delightful satire from the French which dares to intimate that honesty is the worst policy.

The Green Pastures: The humble negro's story of the Lord God. Go see it again; there's probably a lot of beauty you missed the first time.

Flying High: For those of us who laugh at Bert Lahr. Good tunes, too.

Garrick Gaieties: Fine if you don't expect anything elaborate and don't remember how good the old ones were.

Apron Strings: Jefferson de Angelis doing his best with a pretty cheap show. It's been running since March.

Dancing Partner: Dull and cumbersome attempt to be continental and suggestive.

Journey's End: The great English war play re-opened with a new cast.

Ladies All: A young man has difficulty in finding out which of three "ladies" crept into his room at night and surrendered herself to him.

Earl Carroll's Vanities: The dirt has all been taken out so now it's just plain dull. Yes, the girls are beautiful.

The Last Mile: Grim, uncompromising and thrilling drama of a prison break.

Lysistrata: Gilbert Seldes's Broadway adaptation of Aristophanes raucous farce. Ernest Truex and Hortense Alden are very funny indeed.

►► From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

►► Suicide

NOW that he had made up his mind to do it—and nothing could stop him this time; no argument; no one—there was something about coming to a Y. M. C. A. that seemed fitting to him.

If he had not been feeling so low he would have called it (to himself) dramatic. For in some obscure dimension of his soul this strange building in which he had never been before, in a city he knew nothing about, represented his enemy; his jailor. From this jailor and his chains he was about to escape into an outside where they could never follow him, never capture him again.

He got up from the narrow bed where he had been sitting staring at the clean-swept floor, and walked the narrow length of the room to the narrow window. He opened the window easily in spite of the trembling of his hands and, leaning carefully over the deep sill, looked down—down—five stories down to the pavement. His hand clutched the stone edge convulsively, his arm behind it dropped heavily upon the sill, he laid his head upon his arm, and for a moment noticed that the air was cool. From this spot, directly under the thousand eyes of his jailor, he would dive into eternity.

He opened his eyes and was startled, from the awkward posture of his head, by the city's skyline. For the towers and steeples above him seemed suddenly distracted, leaning this way and that, bending, wavering, like a child's fingers struggling to catch hold.

Not of him! He was quite still for a moment, watching them stagger and right themselves, and thinking: not of him! Nothing would hold him back any longer from what he wanted to do. Even as he thought it the blood rushed to his head in despair and anger, and his life that had never moved anywhere but had only gone tossing back and forth, now tossed back and forth once more inside his brain.

He had always done as he was told. As a little boy, wanting to go this way and pulled that; giving up the gang to please his mother, taking a steady job to please his father, settling down because of a girl, working hard to suit his boss—always what some other person wanted of him! And what had he got? He'd got his walking papers and a few laughs. On him! He'd never got to do a thing he'd wanted. Some one had al-

ways told him something different, some one always had a better reason, holding him to something that never was his own idea.

Except this one. He lifted his head from his arm and began walking up and down the cramped room, a little dizzy, a little unsteady. Right now, for instance. If he should go to the bird that ran this joint and say:—I always been a good guy; what you got for me?—They'd lock him up. But suppose he said: See here, I'm sick of this life that's been handed out to me; I'm going to chuck it—right out of your window I'm going to chuck it! Oh, they'd listen to him then, and hand out all the rules and tell him how they owned him. Well—

He turned back to the open window with the hallucination of triumph. As if he heard them knocking, as if he saw them running to beseech him, he hastily climbed up and out upon the sill.

Below him the sheer wall fell steeply to the pavement; far down the people ran beneath his eyes like blurring print upon a page, the traffic flowed like a dark stream. He crouched, and knew his hands were dripping wet; the strength ebbed tingling from his legs. . . .

"Hey, you! Hey! You up in the window! Lissen here!"

He caught the window in one hand and turned his head. The effort was an agony but he made it. Some one had spoken to him. He must answer.

He wouldn't answer. He closed his eyes and prayed O God! Please let him jump. . . .

"Hey! What're you doing at that window, buddy? Speak up! What're you up to?"

In spite of prayer he opened his eyes and looked for the voice of authority. The traffic had stopped in the strange street below, and standing upright in an open car, his head thrown back, his voice hallooing through his hands, stood a blue-coated policeman. The man upon the window sill steadied himself desperately. Something stronger than death laid hold upon his throat. He had to answer.

"I'm going to jump!" he shouted hoarsely, and as he spoke made ready for the spring!

"Oh, no you ain't!" returned the warning voice of the policeman. "You got to hear me first. You got to tell me why you're going to do it. Understand? You got to tell me—"

Even as he gathered himself to make

the plunge, he knew that he was lost. He knew with the judgment call of certainty poised high above death, that his jailor was not the building behind him, nor those in authority, nor the image of God over all. It was not in his nature to refuse.

His tongue was already busy with an answer when the door opened behind him, when a second policeman caught him violently under the armpits. Something, in himself. Something he had never thought about had held him back from what he wanted to do.

One Way Out

(Continued from Page 5)

"If submission thus be to conventions of the states, Congressional reports and debate and selection of delegates would leave no room or misapprehension as to the character and extent of the proposed surrender to the Federal Government of the rights—including the police power, —reserved to the states under the Tenth Amendment to the United States Constitution.

"The preparation of such a substitute amendment should enlist the patriotic cooperation of sane drys as well as wets, in and out of Congress, and would amply requite all the solicitous labor bestowed upon it. For the whole subject of prohibition, in the light of our lamentable, loathsome experience, would pass under review, as a new enactment was deliberated over and agreed upon—not in subservience to fad or obsession of a group, but for the well-being of a people.

"Then after an arbitrament of the people, which has not yet been had, we shall have, in substitution for the prohibition rancor and violence of the past decade, peace and temperance and a return to the ways of decency and dignity in our national life.

"More than this will result if we are aroused to the gravity of the occasion for action. For we can have for inspiration the enshrined words of Lincoln, as we covenant with ourselves that our nation shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth. To realize that such an attitude is not perfervid in thought or expression, we need but steep ourselves in the spirit of Lincoln's utterances during the Douglas debates and elsewhere, concerning the Fugitive Slave Law and the Dred Scott decision.

"Preliminarily, however, but as stated in furtherance of that repeal, I am suggesting a more modest and less fundamental course of procedure, viz; that the Volstead Act be so modified in its

enforcement features as to be applicable to all federal territory and jurisdiction and specifically to such states as pass concurrent acts. Such a change would conform to the Eighteenth Amendment and more accurately reflect present-day public opinion.

"There can be no doubt that the power to enact this change resides in Congress.

"Admittedly the ten years which have passed since the enactment of the Volstead Act have demonstrated the unworkable features of parts of the act, an ever increasing remonstrance against the character and extent of its provisions and of acts supplementary to it, and an imperative need for the proposed change.

"The Congress which passed the Volstead Act had no power to control or hamper the wisdom of subsequent Congresses, and accordingly the act has been variously supplemented in certain respects. The power to amend *and even to repeal the Volstead Act* is inherent in the present Congress precisely as it is in respect of any other federal statute.

"The particular change suggested is in harmony with Section 2 of the Eighteenth Amendment, which provides that Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce the article by appropriate legislation. It would be no objection that Congress had before, in enacting the Volstead Act, occupied the more extended field and in so doing has compelled a broad construction by the Supreme Court of concurrent power. Let it be granted that when Congress chooses to legislate to the exclusion of the states on the subject of prohibition it may do so and that the Supreme Court, to avoid conflict between state and federal statute, must recognize the predominant power of Congress; yet Congress nevertheless is not forced by anything in the Eighteenth Amendment to go to the last dim boundary of its power. *In fact, under the permissive provisions of Section 2 of the amendment, Congress was under no obligation to pass any enforcement act.* And even after it has availed itself of the more extreme power there is no obstacle to bar its return to a recognition evidenced in the very terms of the Eighteenth Amendment that the states may, if so permitted by Congress, exercise concurrent power.

"The subject is wholly within the jurisdiction of Congress, for as said by the Supreme Court in a leading case on the interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment:

"In itself the amendment does not prescribe any penalties, forfeitures or mode of enforcement, but by its second section leaves these to legislative action."

"Nothing extreme or unprecedented is involved in the suggestion, since justification for it may be found in analogous cases. The Constitution, for instance, grants to Congress the power to pass laws on the subject of bankruptcies. And when Congress has occupied the field, state statutes on the subject are suspended. Congress has not only enacted bankruptcy laws; it has repealed them so that state statutes on the subject have again come into operation, until such time as Congress has again passed other bankruptcy laws. This principle was authoritatively determined in the leading case of *Sturges v. Crowninshield* in the Supreme Court of the United States; and it would be merely cumulative to add references of like import from its other decisions.

"And if Congress now, in response to a mandatory public opinion, should see fit to recognize the concurrent power of the states expressed in Section 2 of the Eighteenth Amendment, certainly no court could with justification hold that the recognition was itself such a conflict as referred to above.

"For the United States Supreme Court in still another notable case—the so-called double-jeopardy case—has gone so far as to hold that an amendment of the Volstead Act would be 'proper' *even to avoid the double jeopardy incident to that act.*

"The Court, in construing Section 2 of the Amendment, said:

"The second section means that power to take legislative measures to make the policy effective shall exist in Congress in respect of the territorial limits of the United States and at the same time the like power of the several states within their territorial limits shall not cease to exist."

"The Court concluded that a man might be twice tried and convicted for the same offense—once under a state statute and again under the national act. The validity and propriety of amendment, however, were then volunteered in the following language:

"If Congress sees fit to bar prosecution by the federal courts for any act when punishment for violation of state prohibition has been imposed, it can, of course, do so by proper legislative provision; but it has not done so."

"And the Court further held that the bar to such cumulative prosecution would thereupon apply even though the

state were—in the language of the decision—to forbid the manufacture, transportation and sale of intoxicating liquors merely by 'small or nominal fines.'

"In the light of these judicial determinations, any claim of unconstitutionality or invalidity urged against such a properly phrased modification of the Volstead Act—which Congress, it must always be remembered, was not required to pass—would be wholly lacking in seriousness.

"Such a claim would be more than this. For it might well be regarded as a kind of affront to the Supreme Court, because it must be predicated upon the supposition that the Court would repudiate its recently announced decisions.

"As stated it is difficult to see how the dry states could reasonably object to such a proposal. For they could have their local enforcement acts as drastic as the national act, with the severest penalties for the introduction of alcoholic beverages within their borders forbidden by that act.

"The only dissent, therefore, from such a course of procedure must be confined to the zealots in those dry states, who would arrogate to themselves the moral right and duty by mandatory legislation to regulate the personal conduct of all citizens of the union and save them from alleged sin.

"There is at present no method of dealing adequately with the question of prohibition except by repeal of the amendment; and as a preliminary step to that end by a change in the Volstead Act."

In its essence, this is Mr. Auerbach's proposal. The Outlook respectfully invites the serious consideration of its readers and of citizens everywhere to a discussion of the plan.

The Student Works His Way

(Continued from Page 22)

ity, and their lot is hard. "I find that after-school employment curtails my studying somewhat and lowers my marks," writes a student from the College of the City of Detroit. "My only regret," says a student from Syracuse University, "is health and scholastic standing. Both have to suffer." Multiply these cases by several thousand and you have a true picture of the man who is working his way through college.

Within the past month I have talked for several hours with Mrs. I. V. Edmond, who has charge of the student employment bureau at Cornell University. Her sympathy for working students is so deep that she tries to keep in touch, throughout the year, with the thousand



or more who come to her for help. She told me of boy after boy whose health or self-respect has been affected by long hours of menial labor. Some develop an attitude of whining servility; others build up outer shells of reserve and aloofness; still others become cynics and pessimists. She told me of many, especially freshmen, whose scholarship has been seriously impaired. Two examples, though perhaps not strictly typical, illustrate the dangers to which the self-supporting student may be exposed.

One sensitive boy, who had an overwhelming desire to be an artist, secured a position with a newly-married couple. He was to wash dishes and clean the apartment in return for his board and room. Noticing, some months later, that the boy was pale and ill, Mrs. Edmond investigated. She found that he was not having enough to eat. The wife of his employer, when questioned, admitted that she and her husband frequently went out for meals. "But we always leave some bread and milk in the pantry," she said.

The second boy, the son of wealthy parents, had to work his way because his father thought it would do him good. Toward the end of the first term he became ill and failed in his studies. Mrs. Edmond called the boy's home by long distance telephone and was answered by the butler. The boy's father, when finally reached, refused to believe that work was ruining his son's college career. "I'm generous to my boy," he shouted indignantly. "I've just bought him a new car for the summer."

Mrs. Edmond's conclusion, "the assumption that it is easy to work one's way through college is not warranted," has a firm basis in fact. An equally firm basis underlies the statement of Dr. Lees and Dr. Angus Morrison of the Student Health Service at the University of Minnesota that many working students suffer physical and nervous breakdowns because of worry over financial matters, improper food, and insufficient rest and relaxation. The business man who thinks his son should work because "what was good enough for me is good enough for him" should ask himself this question: Would it be good for me physically, socially, mentally, and morally, to give up my golf and my leisure hours at various lodges in order to put on a black coat and an apron and serve meals to my friends for three hours a day at my country club? If he can honestly answer yes, he would do well to ponder that mysterious but immutable law of biology which decrees that a thick-skinned parent shall sometimes produce a thin-skinned son.

Shorn of its glamour, then, working

Empress of Japan

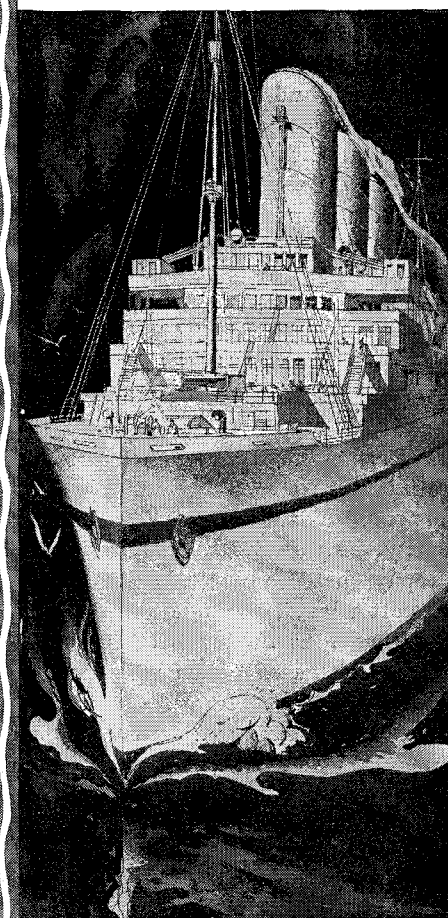
NEWEST GIANTESS OF THE

PACIFIC "MIRACLE"

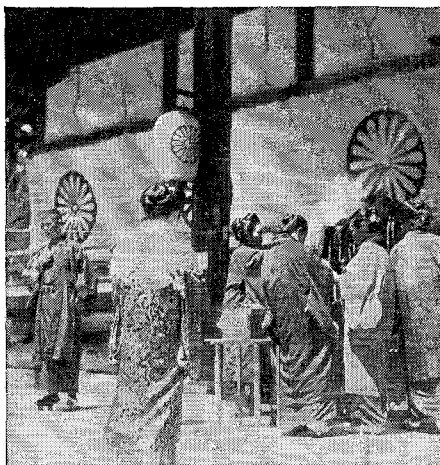
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WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

one's way through college is in reality a harsh ordeal. The most hopeful feature of the situation is that more and more parents, legislators, philanthropists, and college administrators are coming to realize it. Many parents take out educational insurance when their children are young to protect them from the necessity of supporting themselves at school. State legislatures and philanthropic organizations each year devote increasing sums to scholarships. Educators stress the advisability of working for a year, if necessary, between leaving high school and entering college, of making as much money as possible during summer vacations, and of dropping from college for a year if funds run too low. The colleges themselves are establishing and enlarging student loan funds. Similar funds have been established by a number of philanthropic organizations (a complete list may be found in Bulletin No. 2 of the United States Bureau of Education for 1929). In addition, there are individual business men in nearly every community who will lend students money if given a note and a life insurance policy for security. Few graduates find it difficult to repay such loans within five or six years after leaving college.

As time goes on the poor boy who wants a college education will find his task less difficult. He will be able to borrow more money, to work fewer hours, and often, thanks to the help of college employment bureaus, to find more congenial employment. His burden would be considerably lightened today if he had no competition from the sons of well-to-do parents who cling to the exploded theory that the road to success is paved with dirty dishes.

The Curse of Plenty

(Continued from Page 11)

along to the farmers of America so that they may not only intelligently market their crops but, more important, so that they may produce the qualities and quantities of crops that are demanded by the consumers of the world.

At this point grave new difficulties arise in the fact that the soundness of the acreage reduction program is openly challenged by many reputable economists, as well as by political folk. Regardless of what price level prevails at a given moment, argue these champions of the farmer, the impulse of every individual producer always will be to wring maximum production from his land. Who, they ask, will deliberately reduce his income prospects on the mere promise of the Farm Board that millions of other farmers will do likewise? There

is neither a compelling economic motive for voluntary reduction nor a legal system for compulsory reduction. What, moreover, is to become of the abandoned acreage? To turn it from wheat to vegetables is only to transfer the over-production dilemma from one market to another; to leave it non-productive means taxes and maintenance on non-income lands. The general level of farm taxes in 1928 was 146 per cent above the 1913 level. What course is left for the marginal producers save hari-kari? The cities need no more workers. Burdened by mortgages, they cannot move to more productive land. If any considerable number should move to more bountiful localities the net result



Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of August 30, 1950

The annual convention of the Baseball Umpires' Protection Association unanimously endorsed the bill introduced last week in the House requiring that pop shall be sold at ball games only in cardboard containers.

In an address to the Association of Farm Co-operatives Convention, Hugo N. Frye, Jr., Chairman of the Republican National Committee, declared that if his party carried the elections of 1952, agriculture could count on being placed on an economic equality with industry.

More than 18,000,000 protests were registered with the U. S. Broadcasting Co., because an S. O.S. had interrupted for four minutes the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast hour Monday evening.



would be only more production. Political opponents of the reduction program find their greatest strength in that single sentence from Mr. Hoover's Acceptance Speech—"The farm is more than a business: it is a state of living."

The Board's later conception of its legitimate function, that of a general "agricultural planning board," forecasts the future policy. In conformity thereto Secretary Hyde and Chairman Alexander Legge already have toured the agricultural colleges of the winter wheat belt spreading the doctrine of reduction. Save for what the farmers can do for themselves through development of their cooperatives, that appears to be the full length and breadth of the re-defined federal aid program for agriculture.

There is a growing suspicion, meanwhile, among many reputable economists in and out of the government that the farmer is well on the way through a

second major cycle of post-war deflation, the end of which will come, Farm Board or no, when agriculture calmly falls into its old rôle of handmaiden to trade and commerce.

"Agriculture was not on a satisfactory basis before the War," Mr. Hoover said in his Acceptance Speech. But if the Farm Board has any other vision it has not proclaimed it. Perhaps it may turn out to be just another Board. Certainly no other governmental body in Washington is so confused as to its own policies and aims.

O! O! McIntyre

(Continued from Page 8)

those robes will." At three in the afternoon he showed himself wearing a Cardinal's robe of a dressing gown and red Cossack boots for dressing slippers.

He has a collection of more than 200 canes, one from every city and country which he has visited. "I have invested more in fancy pajamas and house robes than in all other articles of wearing apparel combined." Strangely enough, he does not flash much jewelry on the scene. He wears only a cameo ring—his mother's engagement ring—and a wrist watch presented by one of his closest friends, but he calls himself "a hound for cut-out monogrammed handkerchiefs."

What is O. O. McIntyre going to do with his success after he has attired himself in the latest wrinkle of fashion? Will he, some day, stop writing his daily columns and put his heart and mind to something he has long wanted to do? It appears that he has never wanted to do anything but dress niftily. According to one of the men who knows him well, McIntyre has no intention ever of writing a book, or putting down anything on paper for which there will not be the prospect of an immediate sale at McIntyrian prices. Hard worked as he was at the time, he undertook to write the campaign biography of Jimmie Walker, a piece of Hearstian hack work which only necessity would have justified. Somewhere in the back of McIntyre's mind, my informant tells me, there is the expectation of a retirement from column-writing and although he loves to travel, he will probably spend most of his time in New York, aside from the essential visits to his Parisian tailor. He always becomes homesick for the United States.

When McIntyre's time comes, it is to be hoped that he will meet his Maker in the very latest fashion, with the niftiest of his more than 200 canes and no longer fearing to wear the monocle now concealed under his coat lapel.

With Our Readers

Summer Sessions

To the Editor of the *Morgantown, W. Va.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—Mr. Edgar W. Knight failed to take full advantage of his opportunity in his jaunty report to the folks back home intitled, "Middle-town at Summer School." Nearly all of these collegiate enterprises most carefully avoid the term "school"; they employ, rather, the word "session," thereby implying that what takes place in the summer is of precisely the same standard of excellence as the activities of the two regular sessions. Columbia led in the adoption of this terminology, as she has led in so many other educational adventures.

The real significance of the American summer session is best got at by realizing that it is America's momentous and virtually unique contribution to world education. The American summer session, or school, is very little over thirty years old. That is to say, at the beginning of the present century, you could count the legitimate American summer schools on the fingers of a hand or two. At present, they are to be found everywhere; and during this current summer there are no fewer than one hundred and eighteen different universities and technical institutes in foreign countries holding summer sessions that vary in length from two to ten weeks. The Old World borrowed the idea from us. The idea over there was just about unknown in 1900, laughed at until 1910, viewed with distrust until 1920, accepted gingerly in 1925, and taken on with a flourish in 1930.

Moreover, one real reason for the existence of the American summer session is business. It is utterly unwise because costly to have an expensive "plant" operate less than nine months a year. The load-chart at this minute of a college that closes its doors the first week in June and keeps them closed until the last week in September is enough to give any business man either the blues or the rickets. The situation is, in their cases, almost as bad as in that of a foot-ball stadium or a Protestant church. So summer schools came and may they never go!

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

If You Can't Boost Don't Knock

To the Editor of the *Brookline, Mass.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—Knock! Knock! Knock! Can't you find somebody or something to boost? I came home from a vacation trip tonight in a cheerful mood and found my Outlook awaiting me. I considered throwing it into the waste-basket unopened, since I hated to be depressed by it. "I wonder whom they are knocking this week," I said to myself. Then I read your remark about the people who find entertainment in being irritated, and I said, "He must think his readers belong to that class" . . . However, I went to bed happy because I learned that we are to be saved from utter ruin by Summer Schools (!!) May they never adjourn lest "surely catastrophe would then catch up with American civilization," a terrible thought expressed in equally bad English. I shall pray every night that God may save them so that America will be saved.

I was also glad to learn that Walter Brooks' columns are enjoyed by your readers, a real news item. I had thought his "Apes," etc. a waste of a good page, though I admit it is cheerful. I was going to suggest that he publish it only once a month (that could include all new gadgets of any real interest) and give the page the other weeks to some real poetry so that your readers might be educated away from the pernicious Edgar A. Guest, but I guess he had better keep on if he gives so much pleasure. As to his "Blurbs"—well, they fit the policy of your paper to perfection—knock and quote one isolated remark, as he does in speaking of Coolidge, and you often do, as in refuting one remark of Staggs at the inquiry and saying nothing about his other testimony which the papers said made a deep impression on the hearers . . . Another "dirty dig" was your article on William Lyons Phelps. What if he isn't always profound and is too liberal with his praise of mediocre books. I believe he has led more people to enjoy literature, who would not otherwise have, than any other American, and I say, "Long may he wave."

I agree with some of your readers who write to protest against the wet spaces in your paper, although I didn't believe in the Eighteenth Amendment even when it was passed. It is depressing to read so much unpleasant and repetitive material,

and with your very strong feelings on the subject, you naturally are not fair; for instance when you ascribe Morrow's nomination to his wet views. Couldn't you get out just one number of the Outlook in which you didn't mention the subject, but put something cheerful in its place?

JEAN L. KENDALL.

Tom-Tom Heflin

To the Editor of the *Little Silver, N. J.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—In your last week's issue a teacher of journalism at the University of Alabama attempts to make out a prima facie case against Tom-Tom Heflin by showing, among other things, that Tom's capacity for eating at barbecues is "notorious." For proof, the teacher circumstantially depicts this sumptuous repast: "a joint of mutton, a brown hunk of beef dripping with barbecue sauce." He follows this with a likeness of old Tom subsequently making a speech at a barbecue: "Two hours in length with his hair a mop, with voluminous sweat soaking through the shoulders of his coat and the knees of his trousers."

Well, Tom may not be a type of perfection; but he is not the type of inelegance which this picture conjures up—a glutton who is defiled with shabbiness, both material and moral. While not an obsequious follower of the latest fashions for men in dress, Tom is always well-groomed and of that distinguished personal appearance which induces strangers to look twice at him. I have never seen him in the Senate chamber with moisture exuding from his knees or shoulders, nor on the streets.

I am gratified to learn, at least, that Tom's family is of a fine type—as counterpoise to all that is otherwise contemptible in Tom—as witness these words: "Besides Cotton Tom there are a circuit judge, a city physician, two Methodist preachers, and a sister." One clear impression I get from your author's exposé of Tom's errors and follies is Tom's mentally cultivated kindred, formed of brothers and a sister. Another impression is a clear advertisement of the author's energetic dislike of Tom-Tom.

REBECCA L. GILPIN.

Looking at Politics

To the Editor of the *Hardwick, Vt.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—If there are any more "Citizens" like Maynard D. Follin, who attempt to "Look at Politics" through the pages of the Outlook and Independent, a magazine to which, for the last two years, I have turned for a just and coherent account of current affairs, please, Mr. Editor, exercise more discretion than the issue of August 6th indicates.

I have perused Mr. Follin's article exactly three times, and I still fail to find an excuse for its appearance in such a weekly as the Outlook and Independent.

In the first place, Mr. Follin makes a gross mistake in calling the League for Independent Political Action another party. The L. I. P. A. is merely a medium through which an admirable attempt is being made to organize a new party, which any man, who has followed closely the trend of events in Washington for the past year, must confess is sorely needed.

Mr. Follin harps upon the need only of Ins and Outs in governmental affairs, but when the Ins and Outs both become Ins, then it is high time for seriously minded people to get busy. The line between the Republican and Democratic parties has grown so thin that one needs a microscope to behold it. As for our enlightened citizen's lamentations on the horrors of group control, I can say only that he has more faith in the intelligence of the people and the success of democracy than I have.

Under the tutelage of Professor John Dewey, in whose political insight I have greater faith than in that of Mr. Follin, I expect great things from the L. I. P. A.

ROBERT LEE STEWART.

California Climate

To the Editor of the *Montreal*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—Mr. Adamie's article in the current Outlook is interesting, but why did he not tell the

truth about all the smart transactions that have made a large city of Los Angeles, and about the Climate: the stagnant air, the sudden changes?

Before I spent a winter in Southern California I grumbled at our Canadian cold winters: now I appreciate and enjoy them.

M. MOSNEY.

Sailors and Speakeasies

To the Editor of the *San Francisco*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—Mr. William T. Weston, General Secretary Seamen's Church Institute of America, in his letter "Sailors Ashore," says "A very small percentage of our merchant seamen are willing to visit the speakeasies and indulge in the poisonous liquor which they know is being sold." Of course not. They wisely wait until they reach a port in some more civilized country, where the liquor is not poisoned. He says "most seamen are temperance advocates while in our American seaports." The same reason applies. I like Mr. Weston and his mission to which I contribute often. But on the question of prohibition, like many others, he is a little naïf.

LEONARD ATKINS.

.000 per cent

To the Editor of the *Amarillo, Texas*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—In your issue of August 13th under heading, "Trend of Events," you are not satisfied with trying to hash up a summary of the political situation in Texas, but go out of the way to favor Ross Sterling, a lucky oil strike millionaire, and at the same time to take a fling at "Ma" Ferguson. You conclude with this statement: "Before the end of this month, then, we shall see whether Texas actually wants the Fergusons back. Certainly if it re-elects Ma, it will deserve everything that may happen to it." Don't you think they would deserve as much if they should foolishly elect an uneducated and unqualified man, just because he struck luck in the oil game and became a multi-millionaire and now has the backing of capital?

Your sheet, because of its constant endeavor to propagate misinformation about prohibition and every other subject it deals with, is becoming a stench in the nostrils of your subscribers, and I for one will be glad when my subscription expires. God pity a man or a magazine that is always on the wrong side of everything.

W. T. BROTHERS.

Birth of Prohibition

To the Editor of the *Chicago*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—There are two articles in your issue for August 6, that I wish to commend. They are "Prohibition; Born of War" and "Laureate of the Obvious."

I am no friend to the liquor traffic, nor am I a crusader against the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Johnston's contribution, however, makes articulate the feeling I had when that amendment was in process of adoption. His article is one of the very few really weighty expressions on the issues—on either side—that I have ever seen.

The aptly titled article by John Bakeless pleased me hugely. It tallies with the impression I gained from the few of Guest's effusions that I have read—and I am no connoisseur of poetry, at that.

CANDOR.

Effects of Alcohol

To the Editor of the *Lynden, Wash.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—It has always been the only recourse of the liquor interests to defend their cause by ridicule rather than reason, and by making a great noise they sought to impress people with their numbers. The article by J. W. Emerson in a recent number of your magazine is a sample of the kind of ridicule that is being used. Mr. Emerson would have us believe that all ants are alike. He compares the ancient and ignorant objectors to sugar, with the intelligent and scientific modern objectors to alcohol, and would have us believe that the prohibitionists of today know as little about the functions of alcohol as the

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antisaccharites knew about the functions of sugar.

If Mr. Emerson had taken the trouble to consult a competent student of pharmacology he could have been greatly enlightened. It is true that there is a question as to whether alcohol is a food, but that is of no concern whatever. Who cares whether it has value as a food or as a stimulant? There are plenty of other substances whose value is proven and which have not the deleterious effects of alcohol. What should interest us is that it is a habit-forming drug with many pathological effects upon the human body and particularly upon the mind . . . Alcohol even in moderation, is known to be injurious to the various organs of the body and materially shortens life. A statistical study made by The New York Mutual Life Insurance Company a few years ago proves this conclusively.

But these effects upon the body do not concern the prohibitionists particularly. They are insignificant compared with the deleterious effects of alcohol upon the mind, and only a small amount of alcohol is necessary to produce these effects. Alcohol affects the mental faculties in exactly a reverse order from that in which these faculties were acquired. A child first learns to walk, then to talk, then to reason, and later he acquires judgment, and last of all a sense of responsibility.

Why do we get pleasurable sensations from a small amount of alcohol? Not because of stimulation as Mr. Emerson suggests, but because it dulls our sense of responsibility and relieves our cares and worries, for we would not have cares and worries if it were not for our sense of responsibility to ourselves, our families, our country, and humanity. A sense of responsibility, one to another, is the basis for all human interrelationships. Without it we would have chaos and anarchy. It is this sense which makes possible the comparable safety which we enjoy under our intricate modern system of rapid transportation. It is the lack of it on the part of artisan and operator which causes most of our accidents. Damage or destroy this sense even temporarily, as can be done by the use of a small amount of alcohol, in many individuals, and the health, the safety, the life, of the individual involved, as well as all those with whom he comes in contact, are endangered.

Almost coincident with the impairment of the sense of responsibility comes the impairment or loss of judgment, and with it one's social, business or physical acts become undependable and may result in great harm to all concerned. In-

creased dosage of alcohol results in the later manifestations of poisoning—loss of reasoning power, quarrelsomeness or unreasonable generosity, incoherent speech, and finally inability to walk. Thus, science has shown us conclusively that alcoholic poison first affects the highest faculties of the mind and those latest acquired. It was because of his intelligence and his knowledge of these facts that Mr. Colvin, prosecuting attorney in Seattle, recently announced through the press that the fact that one had been drinking at all would be used against him in case of accident in which he might be involved . . .

FRANK L. WOOD, M. D.

Suggestion

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—Many antagonists of the 18th Amendment say that their objection to it is because it is tyrannical, a minority measure—or at the most, if ever a majority measure, the majority no longer exists.

If they are sincere in this, they can do much to make inroads into the ranks of those still dry, perhaps sufficient to overcome the clumsy amending machinery of our constitution. Let them advocate that the amendment necessary to bring a return to humid conditions carry a provision for a later popular referendum should the wet era prove as undesirable as the last. Progressive dries (and, strange as it may sound, there are many) would give their support to such a measure.

ROLAND BRUNNEN.

Unemployment

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—In most respects I enjoy your magazine very much, but I do wish that it were not so wet. It is distasteful to me to see the wet side given so much prominence.

It seems to me that it would be better to devote more space and attention to unemployment and less to the anti-prohibition cause. Man can live without booze, but he cannot live without bread.

I fear that unemployment is becoming a menace because it is leaving in its wake so much

crime, lawlessness, and poverty. The destitution that results from it may cause a permanently weakened body to be the heritage of many.

FRANK A. KECK.

Bull's Eye

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Cleveland

SIR—Many use the time of Mr. Bellamy and his associates to make plain to these gentlemen that the Outlook is, like the old grey mare, scarcely what it one time was. Invariably, thereupon, they apprise Mr. Bellamy of the discouraging fact that he can no longer maintain his sheet upon their subscription prices. Now, unless, like myself, they are willing to go to any length in order to take little Wilhemina on the paternal knee and point out papa's name in a magazine, there is no excuse whatever for corresponding with Mr. Bellamy on such matters. It would be better to leave space for the really choice notes from outlying districts, those vivid tirades in which some one not in the pay of The American Brewers Association makes it plain that all right-thinking citizens are massed with banners behind the ship of state, that shall sail forever barless and triumphant through the sands of time. These notes furnish an aperitif, denied one while the Great Experiment is in progress, do they not?

Seriously, however, if Mr. Bellamy is running the Outlook, why should we not consider his policy or eschew his periodical? Need we turn his food and drink into sackcloth and ashes in his mouth because we bought something we do not like? After all, do we scold Mr. Joe, the fruit dealer, because he sold us bananas when bananas never have agreed with us? Let us refrain, then, from biting the gift horse in the mouth and, rather, do our bit toward reserving space on the back page for sweetness and blight.

CLIFFORD BRADON.

Thirty Pieces of Silver

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Chicago

SIR—When you have repealed the Eighteenth Amendment, sell the people and betray Christ. It is only a matter of silver with you.

NOAH A. POND.